

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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### THE BATTLE OF THE BARGES. A BLOODY CONFLICT OF THE REVOLUTION.

Complete in this Number.



IN the first part of the Revolutionary war, Maryland and Virginia began to provide for the defence of their sea coast, by building barges. These vessels were eighty feet long, and were impelled by both sails and oars, were decked over but half their length, were manned by a crew varying from fifty to seventy-five men, and carried

quite heavy guns. In the early part of the Revolution the Legislature of Virginia ordered the building of two barges, which, on being finished, were stationed on the "Eastern Shore." They

were called the Accomac and the Diligence. These galleys were kept in active service until near the end of the war, but no very remarkable exploit is related of them. They were unfit to go to sea, and therefore, unless the enemy came within range of their formidable guns, they could effect but little. The gunboat fleet of Maryland, or at least the part of it stationed near the eastern shore, was under the command of Commodore Whaley.

The British had a similar fleet in these waters manned by British sailors in part, but principally by Tories, refugees, and negroes who escaped from their masters to the enemy, or who had been captured by them in their inland forays. The British fleet was commanded by Com. Kidd, a Scotchman, who by some strange anachronism has been confounded with the victorious pirate of that name. The rendezvous of the English flotilla was at Hogg Island, one of the many islands on the Atlantic coast of the peninsula.

On the 30th of November, 1782, Com. Whaley was cruising off the county of Accomac, with but a single vessel, when he discovered the fleet of Com. Kidd, numbering some half dozen vessels. Finding such tremendous odds against him, Com. W. ran up Anacost Creek, to wait for the rest of his command, and also to obtain a reinforcement, for he was short-handed. It happened that the court was in session on this day, and that, as is still the custom in this part of the Union, the court had drawn together the most prominent men of the county. Immediately on landing the Commodore dispatched a message to the colonel commandant of the county militia, with a formal request for assistance, together with a statement of the circumstances. Immediately on receipt of this message, the commandant Col. Cropper made known the circumstances to the crowd assembled in and about the court-house, and called for volunteers, without calling out the militia, as the exigencies of the case required speedy action. As might be expected, the call was nobly responded to, so many volunteering that not only was Com. Whaley's vessel manned,

but also an empty Virginia barge which was lying at the landing. Among the volunteers were Majors Smith and Smead, and Capt. Thomas Pariser, of the continental line; Lieuts. Smead and Christian, Capt. Howell, and a great many other officers, together with a large number of soldiers, all of whom were at home on furlough. Besides these, many private citizens volunteered, among them some of the county officials; so that the question finally was not who should go, but who should remain at home. No sooner was the call understood than the men were ready to go on board the vessels; and in most instances the volunteers embarked without going home to bid their families farewell.

Thus, in a very short time after landing, Com. W. was sufficiently reinforced to sail in pursuit of the enemy, whom he found drawn up in order of battle off Tangier Island, awaiting his approach. The American fleet now consisted of four sail nominally, one of which had been, as above mentioned, pressed into service to convey the additional volunteers, who insisted on engaging in the fight. The British fleet, as before said, consisted of six barges. As might naturally be expected, the motley force of Com. Whaley, part of whom had never been accustomed to the sea at all, could be under no kind of discipline, nor was there any order of battle arranged beforehand, with the exception that whichever captain laid his barge alongside that of an enemy was the best fellow.

Com. Whaley was brave even to rashness. So eager was he to join battle with the enemy, and such exertions did his crew make at the sweeps, that he engaged the whole British fleet before the remainder of his force came within gun-shot. Now ensued one of the most sanguinary sea-fights that occurred at any time during the war on this coast. Whaley received the fire of the British fleet at a distance, and then, without returning it, dashed into their midst, reserving his fire until within pistol-shot, when his guns served with such skill and rapidity, directing his whole fire upon one of the enemy as long as she resisted, and then



BATTLE OF THE BARGES.—"HE THREW DOWN HIS CUTLASS, AND SHIELDING THE FALLING MAN WITH HIS OWN BODY, EXCLAIMED, 'SAVE HIM, SAVE HIM. DUN IS MY YOUNG MASSA,'"



taking the next in turn, until four of their vessels had struck their flag, when his victorious career was checked by the explosion of his own magazine, which was occasioned by the carelessness of one of his men in carrying a cartridge uncovered across the deck to his gun. By this terrible disaster the greater part of the officers and many of the crew were killed and wounded, and the vessel totally disabled. So close were they to one of the British barges that many of the enemy were also disabled.

Now the hastiness of the American commodore was strikingly evident. Four of the British barges had struck their flag, and a fifth had with his own vessel been disabled by the explosion. There was now left but one of the British vessels to cope with the remaining three American barges. But the barge that had been manned by the volunteer force, for want of a practical seaman to direct her course, was now fast aground upon the tail of a mud-bank, just out of gun-shot, where the agonized crew could watch the fight without being able to strike a blow, either in the victorious combat of their fleetier friends, or to help them while sinking. The crews of the two remaining vessels, however, when they saw the disastrous termination of the fight, tacked ship, and *ingloriously fled!* Fled, too, at the moment of victory, when the only remaining British vessel must have instantly surrendered upon their approach!

Among those who were killed by the explosion was the brave commodore and a number of other officers and men—how many was never fully known. Among the wounded was Col. Cropper, the commandant of the county militia, Major and Lieutenant Smead, and many others. Some of them had been injured by the heavy concentrated fire of the enemy, and many were burnt by the explosion; but most of them, together with the crew of the British vessel they were opposing at the time of the accident, were dashed into the sea, where many a gallant heart found a watery grave. The English vessels set about saving their own men, until which was effected they paid no attention to the drowning Americans, except to chop off their hands with their cutlasses when the unfortunates would find something to cling to about the barge. At last, tired of this slaughter, they picked up those who were still struggling in the water, and took the survivors from the scattered wreck.

A few days after the battle, the British having no accommodations for the wounded of either party, Com. Kidd effected an arrangement with Col. Cropper, by which the prisoners were landed, it being agreed that the wounded British should be cared for equally with the Americans, which agreement was immediately carried into effect.

Many incidents occurred in connection with this battle, a few of which I will relate. The grandfather of Gov. Wise, Col. Cropper, relates that the last he saw of Lieut. Levin Handy was just before the explosion, when the lieutenant was standing near the bow of the barge, his right arm hanging by a thread of flesh, *throwing cold grape-shot with the left.*

The few wounded and burnt survivors left on the wreck of the American barge, after the explosion, would not surrender when boarded by the British. Among them was Col. Cropper, who defended himself against two white men and a negro, he being armed with a musket and a bayonet. He fought with the courage of desperation, until at last a cutlass blow upon the head stretched him upon the deck. The brawny negro again raised his cutlass to pierce him as he lay, when, instead of striking, he threw down his cutlass and shielding the fallen man with his own body, exclaimed, "Save him, save him. Dis is my young massa!" The faithful fellow was one of the family servants carried away by a privateer which had plundered the house of the colonel in February, 1779. This negro afterwards returned to the colonel, who gave him his freedom and set him up in a small business in Baltimore.

Among those who were thrown into the bay by the explosion was a Scot, Wm. Gibbs, Esq., the deputy clerk of the County Court of Accomac. He could not swim, and was sinking, when he was saved from drowning by the gallantry of his friend, Captain Thomas Parsler, who kept him afloat until they were picked up by the enemy. As long as Gibbs lived, which was forty-five years after the battle, he gave a great festival at his house, to which he invited all the survivors of the battle. The gathering he styled the "*Feast of the swim-swim-nati*," possibly in imitation of the order of "The Cincinnati," established among the officers of the Revolution. Col. (late Captain) Parsler was always the most honored guest; and Gibbs always said, if anything occurred to detain Col. Parsler, "we must not cut the chicken-pie till Tommy arrives." At these feasts the survivors of the Battle of the Barges fought their battles over again.

One anecdote was of the captivity of the survivors. When application was made to Col. Cropper, at the court house, for assistance, the volunteers immediately proceeded to the Anacostia landing, where Whaley's flotilla lay, without going home to make any preparation. Capt. Parsler was dressed in the continental uniform, but Major Smead happened that day to be in a citizen's dress. When they were taken prisoners Smead requested all his friends to refrain from addressing him as Major, because if his rank was known it would, of course, be more difficult for him to effect an exchange. Capt. Parsler's rank was immediately discovered from his uniform, when, in accordance with the usage of war, he was treated with marked respect and attention, and was invited to dine from barge to barge whenever they had anything better than common for dinner, while his immediate commander was treated like a common soldier. Several times, when Capt. Parsler would be walking the "half-deck" of Com. Kidd's barge, it happened that the Major was near by, and Kidd would say to him—"Get out of the way, you rebel, and let the Captain pass."

Kidd was a Scot, and soon discovered that his prisoner Gibbs was a countryman of his, when, instead of lightening his captivity on that account, he treated him the more roughly, considering him a much worse rebel than the Americans. Capt. Parsler once remonstrated with him about his treatment of Gibbs, saying that he was a gentleman and a clerk of the county court. Kidd replied—"A gentleman! ugh! I suppose he was sent to a charity school in Scotland, and learned to read and write, and since he has come to America you have made a great man of him. He is a rebel against the King, and I mean to hang him to-morrow."

So far as I am aware, this battle is unchronicled by history. This has yet to be remedied; for it is not meet that the story of the last fight of the Revolution should sink into oblivion—a fight, too, which came off on the very day on which the treaty of peace was signed at Paris. Nor should the gallant conduct of the noble crew of Com. Whaley's vessel be forgotten and left without a page to keep it in memory. The remains of their brave leader were decently hidden beneath the earth, but no stone marks the patriot's grave. The historian, in chronicling the vicissitudes of our fathers' struggle for independence, has left his task unfinished when he closed his work without the history of the Battle of the Barges.

The London News of the 7th inst. says: Throughout the whole of the earlier part of the correspondence—in fact, until deeds of violence had actually been resorted to by the British Admiral, the tone of the Canton Governor is business-like and courteous, and his replies to Mr. Parkes prompt and straightforward.

The honest man who marries and brings up a large family does more service than he who continues single and only talks of population.

## LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

The latest foreign news is altogether pacific. The Paris Conference has rendered its verdict in the question of the line between Russia and Moldavia, and the Austrian troops are to leave the Principalities and the English fleet the Bosphorus on the 30th of March. Thus ends the epilogue of a drama which shook Europe. The Swiss complication must likewise be considered as settled. Out of defence for Louis Napoleon, the Neuchâtel conspirators are to be released and banished without trial, and the King of Prussia is to renounce all claims of sovereignty over Neuchâtel. The settlement is accomplished wholly by England and France, acting together as allies. Ever may have been their motives, the result is the triumph of a just cause. It consecrates emphatically the right of the inhabitants of Neuchâtel to choose their government for themselves.

The London Times, speaking of the new British Minister to Washington, says: "We wish Lord Napier joy of his appointment. If he forgets well-nigh all he has ever learnt, and takes warning by the example of his predecessors, he may do his country good service, even at Washington."

The King of Sardinia opened his Chambers on January 7 in a royal speech. The future "King of Italy" was enthusiastically cheered throughout his address.

A dispatch from Naples states that the Neapolitan ship-of-war Charles III., with troops on board for Sicily, blew up and was totally destroyed. Many lives were lost, and a great number were wounded. Several of the wounded were rescued by a British ship-of-war. The explosion was supposed to be accidental.

The English squadron of observation near the Isle of Serpents have had to take refuge in the mouth of the Danube, in consequence of boisterous weather in the Black Sea.

## ARMY.

COL. FAUNTLEROY, U. S. Dragoons, who was ordered to duty on the Pacific coast, (immediately after a two years' tour of duty in the department of New Mexico,) was at Acapulco, Mexico, on his way to his station at Los Angeles, California, on the 23d of December.

## NAVY.

The court martial upon Lieut. Fleming, late of the brig Bainbridge, commenced its sittings at Philadelphia on Monday the 26th inst. The U. S. navy in November, 1856, consisted of 11 ships of the line, 13 frigates, 19 sloops of war, 3 brigs, 1 schooner, 7 screw steamers of the first class, 1 of the second class, 2 of the third class, 3 side wheel steamers of the first class, 1 of the second class, 5 of the third class, 3 steam tenders, 5 storeships, and 1 permanent receiving vessel. Total 75 vessels, carrying 2248 guns.

The U. S. steam frigate Susquehanna and frigate Congress were at Genoa on the 17th of December. The Constellation, when last heard from, was at Constantinople, and was to leave in a few days for Alexandria.

The court martial charged with the trial of Commander Rowan, of the brig Bainbridge, has been organized at the Philadelphia Navy Yard for the trial of Lieut. Charles E. Fleming, of the same vessel. The following officers compose the court: Captains William J. McCluney, Wm. H. Gardner, Wm. W. McKean, Charles Lowndes, George N. Hollins, John Marston, James L. Lardner, Wm. W. Hunter, Henry K. Thatcher. The President of the court is Commodore McCluney, and the Judge Advocate, Purser Garrett R. Barry.

## CONGRESSIONAL.

The Senate has passed the bill establishing a naval depot at Brunswick, Georgia, and a resolution was adopted directing a survey of the Niagara river. The House passed the bill increasing the pay of all officers and military storekeepers twenty dollars a month, and the ration commutation to thirty cents. It is supposed the bill will be amended by the Senate so as to exclude all officers above the rank of Colonel. A resolution has been introduced by General Houston, calling for the number of desertions in the navy since the action of the Navy Board, the causes of the same, and why the Independence and Decatur returned from the Pacific station. Some startling disclosures are anticipated. Mr. Wilson gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill to secure to actual settlers the lands granted to States for railroad purposes.

In the House, Mr. Chester was brought up to answer for his alleged contempt, and was discharged from custody—his answers being deemed satisfactory. Thursday and Saturday were set apart for the consideration of Territorial business. A bill was passed to enable the property of an emancipated slave, who died intestate, to descend to his slave-wife and children. It is said that the Committee of Ways and Means have perfected a tariff bill. It imposes a duty of ten per cent. ad valorem, on wool, sugar, hemp, lead and salt; all other articles remain as before, except those in the 100 per cent. schedule, which are reduced to fifty per cent. The Submarine Telegraph bill, it is thought, will be got through under a suspension of the rules. A sample of the cable is on view at the National Hotel, and attracts a great deal of attention.

## OBITUARY.

EDMUND LEAVENWORTH, a soldier of the Revolution, died at Derby, Conn., on the 26th inst., aged ninety-three. The Bridgeport Standard says he was the builder of the first bridge at Bridgeport, and quite a notable character in that region.

Mrs. Wirt, wife of the late William Wirt, died at Annapolis, Maryland, on Monday, January the 26th inst. She has lived very retired since the death of her distinguished husband.

The Western papers announce the death of Elder J. T. Johnson, one of the most eloquent divines of the West. He was a brother of Col. Richard M. Johnson, Vice-President of the United States, and was at one time, before entering the ministry, one of the Judges of the Court of Appeals in Kentucky. He served for four years (1821 to 1825) as one of the Representatives in Congress from Kentucky.

Hon. Preston S. Brooks, so well known throughout the country from his connection with the "Summer affair," died at Bunn's Hotel, Washington City, on the evening of Jan. 27th. It seems that he had for several days been suffering from a severe cold, but was apparently speedily recovering from its effects, when he was suddenly seized with croup, and expired in about ten minutes. He was Representative in Congress from the Edgefield District of South Carolina, and was highly esteemed among his constituents.

## FINANCIAL.

THURSDAY, JAN. 29.

The stock market was pretty steady throughout the whole of last week. The changes in price have been very limited, and as holders buy or sell, the fluctuations take place. The money market continues to improve gradually, but steadily. Call loans are easily negotiated, and the rates tend downward. The banks are full of applications for discounts, and money is particularly active, without any scarcity. At present, the apparent prosperity of the country is unparalleled. To all appearances everything connected with the financial and commercial world is in a sound and healthy condition, and every one abundantly able to meet any expenditure desirable.

The shipments of specie from this port last week were quite large, as will be seen by the annexed statement:

SHIPMENTS OF SPECIE FROM THE PORT OF NEW YORK.			
Steamer Empir	City, Havana—Am. silver.....	\$2,000 00	
Do.	do. do. Doubloons.....	69,316 97	
Do.	do. do. Spanish silver.....	3,670 00	
Do.	do. do. Dimes and halves.....	7,107 90	
Do.	Ad. Liverpool—Cal. gold.....	300,000 00	
Do.	do. do. Am. gold.....	185,850 03	
Do.	Emeu, do. Cal. gold bars.....	70,687 66	
Do.	do. do. Cal. gold coin.....	35,000 00	
Do.	do. do. U. S. mint bars.....	167,632 92	
Total for the week.....		\$781,255 48	
Previously reported.....		626,650 61	
Total 1857.....		\$1,407,906 09	

The Sub-Treasury increased last week nearly three-quarters of a million of dollars, and the banks lost specie in other ways. The next returns will show, without doubt, an important decrease in the specie reserve.

The value of general merchandise imported into this port during the past week amounted to.....\$1,024,501  
Foreign dry goods.....2,783,850  
Total importation.....\$3,808,351  
The value of exports in the same time were as follows:  
General merchandise.....\$388,226  
Specie.....781,255  
Total.....1,169,530

Excess of imports over exports.....\$2,628,820  
The following is a comparative statement of the value of exports from the commencement of the year to Jan. 22:

	1856.	1857.	Increase.	Decrease.
Cotton.....	\$619,181	554,727	\$65,454	—
Flour.....	1,270,465	858,446	—	\$412,020
Corn meal.....	12,112	10,318	—	1,794
Wheat.....	836,043	625,091	—	210,952
Corn.....	239,716	146,782	—	92,934
Beef.....	307,660	17,748	—	\$289,912
Pork.....	869,177	92,493	—	776,684
\$3,460,354		\$2,316,604	\$1,143,750	—
Net decrease to Jan. 22, 1857.....				\$1,143,750

HARBOR OF NEW YORK.—The number of vessels in this port on Saturday was 534, including 36 steamers, 111 ships, 60 barks, 67 brigs, and 260 schooners.

## MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA—FOURTEENTH STREET.—We were unable to attend the performance of "Il Trovatore" on Friday evening, and its second performance was postponed in consequence of the severe and determined indisposition (to sing) of Signor Bernarini, who was of more consequence by this non-performance than he ever was in any performance in which he took part. But we understand from reliable sources that Madlle. Parodi was grand and effective in the rôle of Leonora, and that Tiberini won new laurels by his artistic and admirable singing of the part of Manrico. "Lucrezia Borgia" was substituted for "Il Trovatore" on Tuesday evening, and an excellent audience testified to the superb performance of Madlle. Parodi, assisted by Tiberini. The debut of our little countrywoman, Cora de Wilhorst, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 28th, was the event of the week. The announcement of her appearance created an immediate excitement, and the seats sold so rapidly that on Wednesday noon every one was sold, and the demand was by no means satisfied. The house was crowded to overflowing, and we never saw so brilliant an audience within its walls. All the upper ten thousand were present to witness the debut as a professional artist of one who had been accustomed to mingle in social equality with them; and we will do them the justice to say that they seemed both anxious and desirous for her success, as was evidenced, first by crowding the house, and second by applauding every point in her performance worthy of approbation. A first appearance upon the stage is something to try the strongest nerves; no wonder then that Cora de Wilhorst trembled under the ordeal. However she strove nobly against her fear, and the hearty reception she met with assured her that her trial was to be made among friends. So she gained confidence, did her best, and achieved a decided success. She sang the music under every disadvantage; short study, few rehearsals were among the many drawbacks she had to contend with, but her natural genius and happy self-confidence overcame all, and she made the best operatic debut that we ever witnessed. She has in her favor a form which, though petite, is graceful and symmetrical; a pretty and intelligent face, and a soprano voice of rare beauty and flexibility. In most respects her method is good, and the faults she exhibits are such as will certainly be rectified by experience. In truth she is a very novice, but one whose promise is so great that we listen to her with a pleasure that is rare and exciting. She has genius, decided genius, and scattered through her rôle some points of rare beauty, and we feel certain that each performance, as it lessens her fear, will develop new and striking evidences of that musical inspiration which alone could have enabled her to achieve, under every disadvantage, so unequalled a success. We have not laid ourselves out to be critical, for we do not think the occasion requires it; we shall reserve that privilege until the close of her engagement, when a few words of friendly advice may not be amiss. But all we have said in praise is justly said, and sincerely commend her to the patronage of the public, satisfied fully that the beauties of her performance will amply sustain our recommendation. She was enthusiastically applauded, repeatedly called before the curtain, and at the close of the opera a determined call for her appearance that she was compelled to come forward in her dressing robe, in which she appeared in charming confusion, and was received with shouts of applause.

Tiberini created a profound sensation as Edgardo; he sang the music as we have never heard it sung since Salvi left us. His exquisite taste, his passionate expression, his admirable coloring and his manly, unaffected manner, rendered his performance a luxury to witness. The public, with their usual generosity, now make full amends for their previous coldness. They appreciate the many eminent beauties of his style, and render him that hearty homage of admiration, as expressed by bursts of approbation, loud applause and repeated demands for re-appearance.

Morelli as Enrico was all that could be desired, and received his full share of public approbation. The opera will be repeated this (Friday) evening, when Cora de Wilhorst will make her second appearance. We understand that the demand for seats fully equals the rush for Wednesday evening. We rather think that Strakosch's operatic season, with Parodi, Wilhorst and Tiberini, will prove a brilliant success.

SHOSSEMAN TRUENING.—We are happy to learn that the Piano-King will return to New York after his triumphant progress through the Eastern States, in about ten days, and that he will give a series of concerts here, commencing about the 16th of February. We regret, however, to hear that these will be his farewell concerts, as he departs for Europe in May. We shall speak more of this in our next.

## THE DRAMA.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—There has been no novelty during the present week at this establishment to call forth any particular comment. The beautiful drama of "Dreams of Delusions," with the clever drama "Rachel the Keeper," and the attractive musical extravaganza "Young Bacchus, or Spirits and Water," have been the main features of attraction, and have drawn together remarkably fine audiences, considering the inclement weather and the terrible state of the streets. The acting of Miss Keene in "Dreams of Delusions" is beyond all common praise, and is worth a day's journey to witness. She is admirably supported by Mr. George Jordan and Mr. Burnett. An original piece is in rehearsal here and will shortly be produced. For Friday and Monday evenings' performances see page 157.

In reference to the new American drama called "Mary's Birthday," which is to be produced at this establishment on Monday, the management makes the following remarks:

In announcing this drama for representation, the management has the pleasure of expressing the hope that this play, illustrating the virtues of the human heart in its struggles with the selfish passions, will prove acceptable to the habitués of this establishment. It has been selected for its refinement, its natural yet eminently poetical diction, and for its faithful portraiture of American homes, and of characters, who, by self-sacrifice, often impart graces to life and command the admiration of society.

Should the public encourage the management in this step toward advancing American Dramatic Literature of a high order, it will be a pride as well as pleasure to continue the cultivation of such flowers, which can thrive luxuriantly only under the fostering care of pure and refined public taste.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—Mr. Edwin Forrest has appeared this week in three of his great characters. On Tuesday evening he personated the Cardinal "Richelieu" with great success. This is the most subtle of his characteristic conceptions, and is, to our thinking, the most artistic of all his delineations. On Thursday evening he appeared as "Brutus," and to-morrow evening, Saturday, Jan. 31st, he appears as "Richard the Third," which is certainly one of the most startling and energetic of his personations. Large audiences continue to grace Mr. Forrest's night of performance.

On Monday last the famous Gabriel and François Ravel troupe appeared at this establishment, and were greeted by an overwhelming audience, who welcomed their old favorites back again with a hearty re-velence pleasant to witness. Their performances are varied with their usual judgment, and present a change in character and matter that cannot fail to hit the taste of all who visit them. The order of performance for Monday and Wednesday evenings, and also for this evening, Friday, January 30th, we find on their programmes: first, the farce of the "Young Widow;" second, the new ballet-pantomime "Parquette;" third, tight-rope performances by M. Blondin; and fourth, the never tiring comic-pantomime ballet of "Godefrani." Those who are not satisfied with such a bill of fare, must be hard to please indeed. Mr. Forrest and the Ravel Family appear on alternate evenings during the coming week. On Monday evening the Ravel's perform.

WALLACE'S THEATRE.—Miss Matilda Heron—like another Caesar—came, saw, and conquered. Her praise has run through the press like an epidemic. To judge from the fever-heat opinion of our impetuous critics, she is a second Siddons; or, at least, O'Neil, Fanny Kemble and Helen Faucit rolled into one! In New York, it is ever blow high or blow low; but only those who are behind the scenes can tell which way the wind is going to blow. Very much that has been written about Miss Matilda Heron is true; but she must be seen in some thing of a higher character than that hackneyed and revolting piece, "Camille"—which is becoming a hideous nightmare upon all our theatres—before her true standing can be measured, or her position positively defined. Our readers know all about the story of this French fungus; they know all about its revolting details and its hospital-ending, so that we need only remind them that the character of "Camille" exhibits all the terrible passions of unholy love, reckless despair, unblushing libertinism. (For a noble end, mark ye!)—O charming French sentiment!) ending with disease and death in its most painful form. Miss Heron drew a powerful picture of this character, and exhibited a mental strength and physical energy which stamps her as a melodramatic actress of the first class, but which certainly do not establish her claims to being a great "tragedienne." Her face, though not handsome, is expressive; her figure is good, and her voice telling. Miss Heron made several striking and effective points, throwing into them much heart and passion; and the closing scene, where, arousing from the insensibility of exhaustion, she concentrates all her dying energies into one long, loving look upon the object of her passion, was certainly grand in its conception and execution, and thrilling in its effect upon the beholders. Miss Heron is undoubtedly a girl of genius, and in the character which she adapted for herself, which she has played times out of number, and which she chose for her debut here, she has won a positive and deserved success, and has established an undeniable claim as a first-class delineator of the ultra-romantic drama school; and this position we concede to her with all admiration. If she has any pretension to a higher position, it has yet to be established by further evidence. Some of our writers compliment Miss Heron's version of "Camille" for preserving the spirit of immorality which distinguishes the original French model. In any other city this compliment would be considered more than equivocal. Another lady was complimented for the abandon with which she played an improper young woman. We are getting on, and we may hope with confidence, that by the aid of our own dramatic authors, the Five Points and Mercer street, with all their natural and thrilling incidents, will shortly occupy the managerial and dramatic ability at all our principal theatres.

Miss Matilda Heron performs "Camille" this (Friday) evening, and also to-morrow evening.



**BROOKLYN'S BOWERY THEATRE.**—The production of a new and splendid fairy spectacle called "Ondine, or the Enchanted Knight and the Spirit of the Waters," has caused a profitable excitement at this establishment. Every one knows the fairy story of Ondine, upon which the new spectacle is founded, so that we need not recount it. The piece has been brought out in a manner that reflects the highest credit upon the taste and liberality of the management; neither care nor expense were spared to render the piece attractive and successful. The spectacle offers much scope for display, and the groupings and the dancing, particularly by the Misses Henrard, were capital. Miss Kate Reynolds was the Ondine, and a most beautiful and fascinating fairy she proved to be, affording ample excuse for any folly or indiscretion committed by the enamored knight. The piece was well acted throughout, and met with unequivocal success. For Friday and Saturday evenings' performances see page 157.

**NIBLO'S GARDEN.**—This establishment closed for a few nights with a testimonial benefit to the Pyne and Harrison troupe. It will re-open on Monday next, Feb. 24, with the wonderful Ravel Family, under the direction of Antoine and Jerome Ravel. They will be accompanied by Mlle. Robert, Paul Brilliant, Young Hengler, and Young America. This troupe, it will be remembered, completed last month an engagement of three hundred consecutive nights at this establishment—a success that has, we believe, no parallel. Brilliant novelties will be produced by them.

**BUCKLEY'S SHERMAN.**—During this week the last new extravaganza produced at this establishment, "Don(e) Juan," has been performed without intermission, and with unchanging success. It has been preceded, as usual, by a choice selection of "negro minstrel-y," with some charming sentimental songs, admirably sung. The nightly entertainment is as rich as ever, and delighted audiences crowd in as usual.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

In commencing a new department or specialty, it is always well to define our position clearly. In our criticism upon musical and dramatic performances we pursue a perfectly independent course, swayed neither by prejudice nor favor, but are always more anxious to commend good things to public patronage than to hold up poor things for public reprobation. But we shrink no personal responsibility in the opinions we express, and do not fear to condemn the great in high places, when condemnation is merited, because excellence in art, and not reputation, which can be manufactured, is what we prize and respect. In our reviews of new music the same course will be pursued. We do not value the music which is sent us the price of the paper upon which it is printed; therefore we say candidly to those who think it to their interest to have their publications noticed in our columns, to send us only that which will pass critical ordeal, for assuredly we shall mete out even-handed justice, and it is probable that some may be made to wince a little. Having defined our position, we cannot in future be misunderstood.

**SOUVENIR D'ESPAGNE. EL NUEVO JALEO DE JEROME. DANSE NATIONALE, TRANSCRITE POUR LE PIANO, PAR M. VINCENT WALLACE. WM. HALL & SON.**—This is a brilliant and effective transcription of a well known Spanish dance. It is treated by Mr. Wallace in a clear, straightforward manner; his motion is preserved with great spirit, and it is worked up to a climax very brilliant and effective. To perform it in its true tempo requires a first-class performer, but it will be a popular piece in the hands of advanced pupils. It is dedicated to the amiable and talented composer and pianist, Hermann A. Wollenhaupt, and in his hands it will meet with immense success. We can commend this characteristic piece very warmly to our readers.

**DEUX POLKAS DE SALON. NO. 1, LAVINE POLKA, POUR LE PIANO, PAR H. A. WOLLENHAUPT. NO. 2, ENMA POLKA, PAR H. A. WOLLENHAUPT. WM. HALL & SON.**—These polkas are pleasing and attractive in melody, and possess the true marked character of the style. They are, like all Mr. Wollenhaupt's compositions, true pianoforte music, musically yet simple, artistic yet popular, and must not be classed among the million trashy, no-character-things which are issued hourly. There are two or three clerical errors in No. 2, which, however, performers will naturally correct. No. 1 is dedicated to Madlle. Lavine C. Young; No. 2 is dedicated to Miss Emma Mary. We trust the young ladies appreciate the compliment. We commend these polkas to our readers.

**JUST OUT, POLKA, COMPOSED BY FRANCES H. BROWN. WM. HALL & SON.**—Mr. Brown is great upon the farm-yard; he revels in roosters, and crows incessantly. We observe by the handsome title page that he has at length introduced the lion principle, and has cackled out a dashing, spirited and popular polka. Though it has no claims to originality, it has the merit of a catching melody; the passages are all well under the finger, and players of ordinary ability can produce a brilliant effect. We have no doubt that the piece will have a large and ready sale. It is dedicated to A. W. Berg, Esq., an estimable musician of this city. We recommend this polka.

**OH! MY LOVE HE IS A SAILOR BOY. WRITTEN BY CHAS. M. WALCOT, COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY SIG. D. LA MANNA. WM. HALL & SON.**—This is a wonderful song! It defies criticism. Musically, it is— It was sung by Mrs. John Wood in Walcott's successful extravaganza of "Hiawatha," and in its place it was very effective. It should never have been separated from the piece. We cannot imagine any intelligent person purchasing such unmitigated trash. There is a respectable person who earns an honest livelihood by selling penny ballads opposite Wm. Hall & Son's store; we should advise a transfer of the copyright of this song to that respectable individual.

All this music is beautifully brought out, Mr. Clayton, the engraver, having done his work admirably, and everything else is in keeping with the usual excellent style of William Hall & Son's publications.

## SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

**MEANNESS ILLUSTRATED.**—A newsboy at the Fulton Ferry was engaged on Friday to circulate some handbills for a Broadway establishment, under the promise of receiving his pay from his employer at the ferry-house after the work was done. At the time agreed upon he had finished his work and repaired to the place indicated, to get his pay, but the man was not to be found. The boy not only lost the pay promised him, but also what he might have made at his legitimate business. We also heard of a merchant living up-town, who paid one of his servant girls, on Saturday last, three dollars in Spanish shilling pieces, which he had brought up from his store for that purpose. By this shrewd maneuver he saved—and she lost—sixty cents. Of course he lives in stone-front and is rich; such a man could not remain poor. This illustrates, too, the manner in which the expense of thus reforming the currency will be made to fall upon those who are least able to bear it.

A son of Mrs. Drew, a widow lady residing in Fourth avenue, wished to stop the car in which he was riding, near 27th street. According to his own story, he was beckoned by the driver to get on the front platform. Without stopping the car, the driver lifted him up, but did not land him securely before the lad slipped from his hands, and one foot of the boy was caught under the wheel, and horribly mangled, so much so that it had to be amputated. Up to our latest news the Directors of the Company have not called to obtain any information regarding the accident.

The joint committee of Congress on the Library has invited Horace Vernet, the celebrated French painter, to execute a battle piece for the new Capitol extension. The invitation has been accepted, and the artist may be expected in the United States during the present spring. He is now engaged upon a picture for Louis Napoleon, representing the storming of the Malakoff, and as soon as that is completed he will be here. Vernet cannot with all his genius paint anything but French or Algerian soldiers. It is impossible for him to get clear at his time of life of French (want to his pictures, as it is impossible for him to speak English as a native. Congress and the world will get fine pictures from him, but they will never be American pictures.

Four laborers, named Terry Sarley, Owen Rohel, Wm. Brennan and Philip Cahill, say the Newark Daily Advertiser of the 24th inst., were yesterday severely injured at the Erie tunnel in Bergen hill, by the premature explosion of a blast. Farley was running home a day, when a spark ignited by friction, set fire to the powder, causing the explosion. Farley was frightfully injured, and in all probability will not recover. The others were severely but not dangerously hurt. On this same job several men were burned by an explosion a few weeks ago.

**SNOW WEST.**—A gentleman, who bestows much attention on such matters, has shown by careful measurement, there has fallen this winter fifty-six inches in depth of snow. This quantity so early in the season is unprecedented in this vicinity. Our friend estimates that only about two inches more is to come. The snow has settled down to something less than two feet in depth. In traveling from Galena to St. Paul, we learn that the most snow is found for about one hundred miles in the northern part of Iowa and Southern Minnesota, where it was three or four feet deep, well packed down at that.

At the Winter Assizes, Toronto, last week, Miss Mathews, of Hamilton, obtained a verdict of \$1,000 damages against a widower named Pryer, a merchant of Hamilton, for a breach of promise of marriage. The plaintiff is a governess, eighteen years of age, and her family poor but respectable; the defendant was considerably her senior, and well to do in the world. A proposal was made and accepted, and the nuptial day fixed; but the young lady and her father, after staying a short time on a visit to the defendant's, removed to Toronto, and the gay Lothario having become acquainted with a Miss Morgan, married her suddenly; the first intimation of his change of mind being the announcement of his marriage, by cards sent the filled in by.

The Auburn Advertiser says that John Ford, one of the eccentric citizens of that town, declares he knows the weather is getting colder, because his feet are so much warmer than usual. For two winters, now, this man has gone bare-footed. He says his feet are never cold. He wears shoes in the summer, but nothing can induce him to do so in the winter. We doubt if another example like this can be found in the State of New York, or indeed in the United States, except among the aborigines.

The great event of Philadelphia, the inauguration ball at the new Academy of Music, took place on the evening of the 29th inst. Five thousand persons were assembled. The throng was immense, and the scene was one of indescribable splendor, refulgent with beauty, sparkling with gas lights, and dazzling with jewels. It was by all odds the grandest *fin de siècle* witnessed in Philadelphia, and we believe it has never been surpassed in the United States.

## CHESS.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**C. F. HOWARD, Boston.**—Solution to the Double Etendard correct. We will shortly publish a "Suicide" which, the composer assures us, the leading players of the New York Club failed to solve—at least, all to whom it was presented. We hope to hear of your successful attempt to solve it.

**THEO. M. BROWN, Newark.**—Your problem and "Sole de" was mislaid for some time in the office before reaching the Chess Editor's hands. They have, however, as Mr. Micawber would say, "turned up" at length, and one will shortly appear; the other, perhaps, in due course of time—"rotation in office" being our rule.

**Mr. E. B. C. Hoboken.**—We publish, with great pleasure, your last communication, as we will do all future ones you see fit to honor us with. Do you ever come to the city? If so, why do you not drop in at Limburger's, sometimes, and give us the pleasure, if we happen to be there, (which is often the case,) of making your acquaintance?

HOBOKEN, JAN. 12, 1857.

**W. W. MONTGOMERY, Esq.**—Dear Sir: Permit me to trespass slightly on your Chess column. I would respectfully submit a few queries, bearing upon the question—Is a pawn ever obliged to capture *en passant*?—to the consideration of those holding opposite opinions from mine; and hope that some of the magnates will evolve them for the benefit of the chess community:

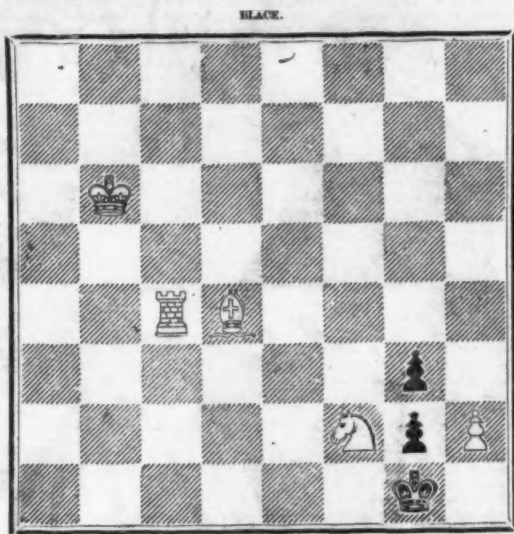
### QUERIES.

1. Where is a pawn when it is passing?
2. If considered to be at a square on the fourth rank, what does it pass when at rest there?
3. Can a pawn, in passing, be at rest?
4. Can a pawn, in passing, give stalemate?
5. Can a piece, in capturing, place itself upon a square upon which the captured piece is not?
6. Whether to abridge a legal adverse move is ever obligatory?

Yours truly,  
E. B. C.  
New York, Jan. 26, 1857.

**EDITOR CHES COLUMN:** Can you inform me where I can get diagrams for making Chess problems? and oblige yours truly,  
R. E. W.  
Mr. N. Marache has very good ones—price one cent each.

**PROBLEM LXI.**—By S. LLOYD.—White to mate in four moves.



**GAME LXI.—Kt & Bishop's Opening.**—Played by M. PETROFF single-handed, against the WARSAW CLUB.

WHITE. Mr. P.	BLACK. Warsaw.	WHITE. Mr. P.	BLACK. Warsaw.
1 P to K4	P to K4	30 Q to B3	B to B3
2 B to Q4	Same	31 P to K Kt 4	P to K Kt 3
3 P to Q3	Q to K2	32 P to Q Kt 3	Kt to K R 2
4 P to Q3	P to Q3	33 B to K Kt 3	R to K R
5 Q to K2	Q to K3	34 Q to K3	Q to K Kt 2
6 K B to B4	Kt to B3	35 K to K Kt 2	Kt to K4
7 P to K B 4	P to K B 3 (a)	36 Kt to K4	B to Kt
8 K Kt to B3	Q to Q2	37 Q to K2	Q R to Q
9 P to Q4	B to Q Kt 3	38 R to K6	B to B3
10 Castles	K Kt to K2	39 Q to K4	Q to Q2
11 K B P to P	Q Kt to P	40 B to Q6	R to K B 2
12 K to R	Q Kt to K B 2 (b)	41 R to K2	B to K Kt 4
13 R to K	P to Q B 3	42 P to Q B 4	R to K B 3
14 Q B to K B 4	Castles K R	43 P to Q B 5	R to K R
15 Q Kt to Q2	Q to K Kt 5	44 Q to K4	Q to K Kt
16 B to K Kt 3	K R to K	45 R to K4	K to K Kt
17 Q to Q3	P to K B 4	46 K to K B 3	K to B2
18 P to K5	P to K B 5	47 R to K4	P to K Kt 3
19 K B to Q P	Kt to K Kt 3 (c)	48 P to P (ch)	K to P
20 B to K B 2	Q Kt to P	49 P to Q R 4	R to Q2
21 Kt to Q B 4	Kt to K4	50 K to K2	P to K R 4
22 Q to Kt (ch)	K to R	51 P to P (ch)	K to P
23 Q to K B 7	K R to Q Kt (d)	52 K to Q8	K to K Kt 3
24 R to K4	Q to Q B	53 K to Q B 4	R to K R 2
25 Q R to K	Q to K Kt	54 R to K2	K to K B 4
26 Q to Q7	Kt to K B	55 B to Q Kt 3	P to Q R 3
27 Q to K Kt 4	K to Kt 3	56 R to K5 (ch)	K to K B 3
28 P to K R 4	B to Q	57 B to Q6	B to B5
29 P to K R 5 (e)	Kt to K B		

- (a) We would prefer Kt to Q2.  
(b) Again we think Kt takes Kt (ch) would give Warsaw a less crowded game.  
(c) Mr. G. Walker prefers here Kt to K B 4; but white would probably answer Kt to K5, sacrificing his B and obtaining two terrible passed pawns, which the Club would eventually have to give a piece for, and then, perhaps, not relieve themselves from embarrassment.  
(d) Mr. Walker thinks that they should have abandoned the P, and played R to K B. It is difficult to decide. Had the P been abandoned, it seems to us white must have won by the strength of his pawns on the queen's side.  
(e) Walker thinks this not so attacking as R to K5. White would certainly have won three pawns and a bishop, for a rook, by the move suggested; but he would have lost his commanding position, and left his king in an exposed situation with adverse queen still on the board. By the move made, he certainly gains a pawn and preserves his position.

### SOLUTION TO PROBLEM LXI.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 R to Q2	1 K to K B 5
2 B to Q5	2 K to K6
3 B mates	

## MUCH WISDOM IN A LITTLE SPACE.

**NUNCIO**, an ambassador from the Pope to some Catholic prince or state, or who attends some congress or assembly as the Pope's representative. The nuncio is generally a prelate of the court of Rome; if a cardinal, he is styled legate. Since the time of the Council of Trent the nuncios have acted as judges of appeal from the decisions of the respective bishops in those countries which are subject to the decretals and discipline of the Council of Trent. In other Catholic kingdoms and states holding themselves independent of the court of Rome in matters of discipline, the nuncio has merely a diplomatic character like the minister of any other foreign power.

**OASIS**, a fertile spot, watered by springs, and covered with verdure, situated in the midst of the uninhabited deserts of Northern Africa; the name is also applied to a cluster of verdant spots. In the desert of Sahara there are several of these. They serve as stopping-places for the caravans, and often contain villages. In Arabic they are called *wady*.

**LARCENY** is the fraudulent taking by a person of the goods of another, without his consent, with the intent, on the part of the taker, to appropriate them to his own use. Larceny was formerly divided, in England, into two kinds, grand and petty, the former being the stealing of an article over the value of one shilling, the latter, that of an article not over that value. The same division of the kinds of the offence, according to the value of the thing stolen, is made in some of the United States. But this distinction is abolished in England by a statute. In that country, the punishment for grand larceny was death; but, most frequently of late years, it has been commuted for transportation; and now the punishment of all simple larceny, of whatever value, is the imprisonment or transportation. In the United States, the punishment is usually imprisonment in the common jail, or penitentiary, for a longer or shorter period.

## NOTES ON THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

**NEW AND PECULIAR TELEGRAPH.**—The London *Artisan* contains an illustrated description of a new and peculiar invention, called the tobacco-type Telegraph, invented by David McAllum. The leading characteristic of this invention consists in releasing small glass balls of three different colors—white, black and blue—in such a manner as to fall over a series of inclined planes, and drop into their proper places, where, by their color and the way they are made to arrange themselves, they form a message. These balls are thrown out one by one at the will of the operator, and, multiplied and intermixed, they form the alphabet like Professor Morse's dots, spaces and dashes.

**PERFORATED OR SOLID BRICKS.**—Some experiments have lately been made on the comparative sustaining power of patent perforated bricks, and bricks of the ordinary kind. In each case a pier of four courses of the bricks to be tested were built in Roman cement, on the table of a powerful hydraulic press, and allowed at least twenty-four hours thoroughly to set. A light scale-board was suspended to the safe valve lever of the press, on which there were placed successive weights, until the pier of bricks on the table of the press was crushed. The number of weights was increased a quarter of a pound at a time—being equivalent to an increment of ten tons upon the press—commencing at thirty tons, this starting point being the effect due to the united weights of the lever and scale-board. The pumps were worked very slowly, to eliminate the concussion produced otherwise by the inertia of the water. The first experiment was made with good ordinary brick in a pier of 18 inches square, built in four courses. This showed symptoms of failing with 110 tons, and was crushed with 150 tons. A pier of the same dimensions of perforated bricks began to crack with 170 tons, and was crushed with 350 tons.

**STRAMED TIMBER.**—M. Violitter, in a communication to the French Academy of Science, says that steam raised to 482 degrees Fahrenheit is capable of taking up a considerable quantity of water, and he has submitted different kinds of oak, elm, pine and walnut, about eight inches long and half an inch square, to a current of steam at seven and a half pounds pressure to the square inch, but which was afterwards raised to 482 degrees. The wood was exposed thus for two hours. It was weighed before it was exposed to the steam, and then put into close stopped bottles until cool, when the samples of wood were again weighed, and showed a considerable loss of weight, increasing with the increased temperature of the steam. The wood became stronger in its power to resist fracture.

**MAGAZINE REPEATING NEEDLE GUN.**—This is the name of a new firearm, which solves the problem of the application of the discharging needle to revolvers. A cylindrical magazine, containing forty cartridges, is attached longitudinally underneath the barrel of the gun. These cartridges are incessantly fired as fast as the gun can be cocked, and the mechanism is such as to secure a most perfect loading. There is also a revolving needle gun, without the magazine, having the advantage over all other revolvers that it can be used with cartridges. In addition to this novel plan, is another for the conversion of the old United States musket into a breech-loading gun. In all the attempts at producing breech-loading guns that have hitherto been made, the great difficulty was to keep the sliding surfaces of the breech and barrel so completely uninjured by the combustion of the powder as to insure uniform nicety of operation. This new gun has a contrivance which, effecting the opening of the breech by the discharge of the bullet, prevents any deleterious action from gases on the breech, by producing an instantaneous draft of fresh air through the barrel and breech.

**EFFECT OF SMOKE.**—At a recent scientific meeting in England, Mr. Spence, the well-known chemist, questioned the great benefit likely to be derived from the abolition of the smoke nuisance. The imperfect combustion of fuel, as carried on at present, only led to an annoying deposit of carbon, and this, Mr. Spence said, he regarded as a healthful body. By the more complete burning of the fuel, this carbon would be oxidized into carbonic acid, a poisonous gas, and the sulphur, at present escaping combustion, would pass into a sulphurous acid. He instanced the smoke-consuming movement at Manchester, and observed that vegetation in the neighborhood of that city was being destroyed, owing to the very much larger quantity of carbonic and sulphurous acids thrown into the atmosphere.

**IMPROVED CONSTRUCTION OF LOCOMOTIVES.**—A Paris firm have constructed two remarkable locomotives, one of which is an enormous express engine, on six wheels, with two pairs of coupled driving-wheels ten feet in diameter. The point most worthy of notice in this engine is the manner in which driving-wheels of the diameter are applied; the difficulty with wheels of this size—of keeping the centre of gravity manifestly low—having always been a stumbling-block to English engineers, a fact which still holds true with the most of them. This object is attained by the Paris artisans by separating the boiler into parts placed vertically one above the other; the lower part forming the water-chest, and the upper part the steam-chest, connected by large vertical tubes. The axes of the driving-wheels pass between the water and the steam chests, in the aperture between the vertical tubes. This mode of construction meets every difficulty successfully, and is a complete triumph of mechanic ingenuity.

## COLUMBIAN HOOK & LADDER COMPANY NO. 14.

We present our readers this week with a front view of the noble edifice erected by city munificence at a cost of \$4,500, for the company above named, at 96 Charles street, New York. The house is three stories high, built of brick, with brown stone trimmings, and does credit to both architect and builder. This company was organized in May, 1854, and so great was the *esprit de corps* manifested, that they hired a location and built a shed at their own expense to house their apparatus. Since then they have been furnished with a new truck, and on Tuesday evening, the 20th inst., they inaugurated its reception in their newly finished house by what was termed on the cards an "Opening Hop." The air of comfort and convenience, to say nothing of the luxury and magnificence of the internal arrangements, struck us with great force, when we remembered and contrasted them with the accommodations furnished our hardy and adventurous firemen thirty-five years ago. At that time the building on the corner of Christopher and Hudson streets, known by many as the old watchhouse, furnished room on its first floor for two fire engines and a hook and ladder apparatus, while the watchhouse was in the second story, and one or two families occupied the "attic." This is truly a progressive age! But if the firemen of the present day are more highly favored than were their predecessors, it must be borne in mind that their duties are far more severe and perilous, as the untimely deaths of many gallant and devoted men fully testify.

After taking a hasty view of the first story, in which is placed the truck, and which was for this occasion the supper-room, we ascended to the parlor and meeting-room on the second story. Both rooms, and the library attached, were elegantly furnished, not omitting a superior piano, on which during the evening several lady visitors played for the gratification of the company. Over the front room mantel, and inserted in the wall, is a cenotaph or tablet, erected to the memory of their late foreman, whose portrait and premature death are recorded in No. 11, Vol. I., of the "Illustrated Newspaper." The inscription thereon is as follows:

"In memory of ROBERT S. DIXON, late Foreman of Hook and Ladder Company No. 14; also, a Councilman of the Twenty-fourth District; who died Feb. 5th, 1855, from injuries received while in the discharge of his duty as a Fireman, on the 26th of Dec., 1855; aged 24 years, 8 months and 5 days."

On the third floor is the "Bunk-room" for the accommodation of members, in which we found a large number of ladies and gentlemen doing homage to Terpsichore, while an orchestra, almost hid in the drapery of flags and banners, furnished the enlivening strains provocative of this "poetry of motion." The present officers are Robert Wright, Foreman, Howel Vail, Assistant-foreman, and Robert W. Brush, Secretary. The company is entitled to fifty members, but only thirty-two are enrolled upon the books, the reason for which may be found in the rigid scrutiny taking place whenever the name of a person is offered for membership. Those now comprising the company enjoy a high reputation, and they feel the necessity of great watchfulness to retain it; hence the caution used in the admission of new members. About fifty ladies, and as many gentlemen, sat down to the sumptuous banquet prepared for them; afterwards, returning to the "Bunk-room," they waited and danced until a late hour, and then returned to their several homes with an improved appreciation of firemen in general, but more particularly of their evening entertainers.



## THE LATEST FASHIONS.

## FRENCH DRESSES.

No. 1, from our French correspondent, M<sup>me</sup>. Celeste Ladrage, is a dinner toilet. The dress is of blue poplin, decorated with turquoises, blue silk ribbon, and Alençons point lace. The skirt is made very full, and decorated with a row of lace set on in a zig-zag pattern, extending the full length of the skirt. Bows of blue ribbon are placed in each scallop formed by the lace. The corsage is high and plain. The front is made without lappets in front, but a small *cacacoa* begins at the side seam, and is rounded off behind. On each side of the corsage there is a double *shawl* made of ribbon, slightly gathered, and diminishing at the waist, where it crosses and falls on each side, forming *barbes*. On this ribbon there is a row of lace, which is continued down the ends. A row of turquoises is arranged down the middle of these *barbes*, and extends up the joining of the shawl, which forms a point behind. The bottom row falls on the top of the *cacacoa*, which is covered with lace. The sleeve is bell-shape, with plaits on the top of the shoulder. The edge is decorated with a ribbon frill, covered by a row of lace and turquoises to correspond with the *shawl*. A lace under-sleeve falls over the arm. A row of lace forms a collar, and then comes straight down the front, like a frill, loose all the way. The hair is arranged in double bandeau. A string of turquoises passes over the flat bandeau. Bracelets of blue and gold enamel.

No. 2 is a visiting toilette, consisting of a tunic dress of back *moire antique*, ornamented with bands of sable fur and fancy jet buttons. The front of the corsage and tunic are cut in one piece, that is, they have no seam at the waist; it is formed of a width of *moire antique*, folded back in the middle the whole length, and under this is the opening of the body. This pattern is hollowed out at the side in plaits two inches from the shoulder, with the exception of the front. The skirt of the tunic forms large round plaits. The side and back of the body, are cut with a small



jacket skirt (one inch on the hips and four inches of point behind), which serves to conceal the skirt gather. A strip of sable fur, two and a half inches wide, commences behind, just below the arm, and extends down the side seams, diminishing to about an inch at the waist, and is continued on the joining of the width in front on the tunic to the bottom, where it is rather more than three inches wide. The space in front of the waist is only two inches wide from one strip of fur to the other, in order to show off the waist. A strip of sable, five inches wide, decorates the second skirt at the bottom. A row of rich buttons, of graduated sizes, ornaments the front of the tunic. The sleeve is eighteen and a half inches in length behind, eleven and a half inside the arm, and twenty-five round the bottom. It is inserted at the shoulder in three hollow plaits. A strip of sable, three inches wide, forms a finish to the edge. Lace collar and under-sleeves of puffed tulle, with a large colored bow, trimmed with lace on the wristband. The hat is of the style known as the *Clarissa Harlowe*. The material is maroon velvet, cut in the form of a round *capeline*, with a crown slightly raised, and separated from the front only by a velvet roll, to which is attached a black lace frill that covers the front, and is raised on the crown at the side where the feather is placed. This frill is laid on the velvet and slightly drawn. The right side of the brim is turned up; the other falls naturally. A long feather is laid between the crown and brim, and sweeps round behind. A row of black lace is sewed all round the edge of the brim. Two long streamers float down behind. The inside is decorated with China blue flowers, and very long strings of narrow silk. Long pins, or a narrow ribbon, or elastic band under the chin, keep the hat on the head.

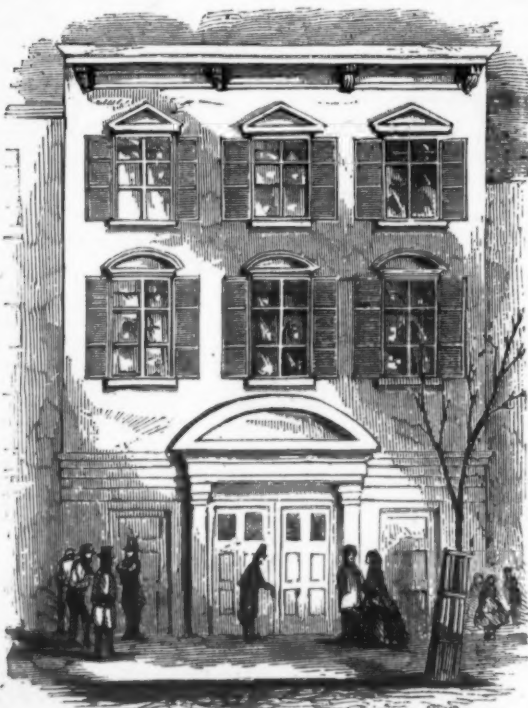
At a public meeting in Cincinnati, to devise means for relief of the poor, Colonel Chambers, in the course of some remarks, said that he had visited the Council chamber in the morning, where he witnessed the most sorrowful scenes. There he found five hundred men, women and children, not beggars, but people with money in their hands, seeking an opportunity to purchase fuel. He talked with them, and heard that tables, bedsteads, and other furniture had been consumed to prevent children from perishing. One woman, who had been waiting for hours for an order for wood, said she would wait no longer. Her children would perish, and she was compelled to go to their protection. Dr. Baker said it was not an uncommon thing to find women and children who

had been without food and fuel for days. The *Gazette* even suggests that the coffee bags of the city be collected, and coal transported from the mines in them.

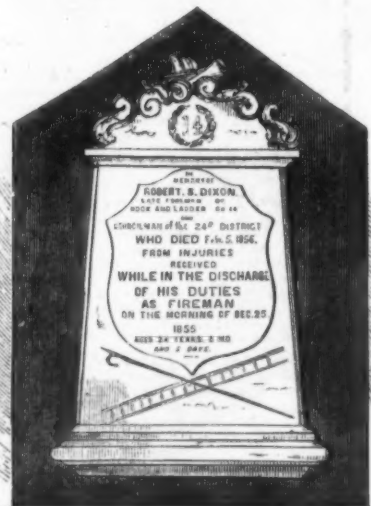
A "CRUEL INDISCRETION" IN CANADA.—The *Toronto Weekly Messenger* says that Rev. T. Creen, Rector of St. Mark's, in Niagara, C. W., was some weeks since suspended for life, for adultery with one of his parishioners. The sentence of his bishop, Strachan, of Toronto, was that he should be so suspended, but should keep his title of Rector till January following and then retire from the Episcopacy on a life-pension of \$400 a year! The Rector's assistant, Rev. Mr. Reynolds, refused to be present at Mr. Creen's service of the communion, and gave as a reason for it the adulterous and drunken life of the Rector. The scandal thus became public. Bishop Strachan had to take notice of it—a trial was ordered—Creen was ungowned, yet pensioned, while poor Reynolds was adjudged guilty of a "cruel indiscretion," as the Bishop phrases it, and has been indefinitely suspended from clerical duty!

TERRIBLE PANTHER FIGHT.—A few evenings since, as Wm. Pate, well known in these parts as a Kickapoo (Kansas) Ranger, was meandering the crooked trail from this town to Port William, he was halted by a respectable looking footpad, in the shape of a full grown male panther, and requested to "stand and deliver." Mr. Pate objected to the surly manner in which the demand was made, and informed his tiger-like majesty, that his property, all told, consisted of an empty bottle and a bowie-knife, both of which he stood in need of, and, as he was in a hurry, he would be obliged to the gentleman to retire. As that was not what Mr. Panther desired, and as he showed his teeth and gradually insinuated himself towards Mr. Pate, Mr. Pate waxed wrothy, and let

Mr. Panther have the bottle over his pate, with all the nervous energy of a strong arm. That act being considered by Panther as a declaration of war, he closed in on our gallant Pate, who being some himself, and nothing loth for an engagement now that his blood was up, seized his belligerent opponent by the scalplock with his left hand, while he applied the shining steel with his right to the sleek vest of his antagonist. In a few moments Panther had as beautiful a "slashed jerkin" as one would wish to see, while Pate, still in the ascendancy, stood by minus coat, hat, breeches, some hide, part of an ear, and considerable hair; actually nothing left but boots and bowie-knife.



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TOFEI.

FANYO.

MISAWO.

KOYOSI.

KUTSIWO.

"TOFEI GOES OUT, AND FANYO LEAVES MISAWO AND KOYOSI WITH KUTSIWO."

### A JAPANESE TALE.—A LITERARY CURIOSITY. THE FOLDING SCREEN.

THE curiosity of a really Japanese tale, such as we present in outline this day to our readers, must be tested by the fact that no other has ever, so far as we can learn, reached Europe or America. Though, through the medium of travellers, the general state of the Japanese empire, its manners and customs, have been so far made known to the world, it is chiefly to the class of recondite students that these have been useful; and perhaps the illustrations exhibited so often in our own columns have been the sole means of spreading the information regarding that singular and isolated state very widely amongst the public.

The tenor of the story itself appears in striking contrast with those of Chinese origin, to which it might be supposed, from the vicinity and juxtaposition of the two nations, most nearly to approach. Neither in manners nor feelings is there anything in common between the two races; and if the reader will cast back his thoughts to the tissue and conduct of any Chinese narrative, the difference will be strikingly apparent at every step.

The tale begins with the expedition of a man of rank, Abosi Tamontara, to shoot snipe. A bird of this genus, seen at the close of evening, in a neighboring marsh, creates a discussion among the attendants as to its nature, and whether the marsh itself should be properly styled by its common appellation as that of the rising snipes, or of funeral trees.

The master takes part in this discussion, but, in the meantime an unlucky youth, son of one of the principal attendants, with an ill-fated skill in archery, an art highly cultivated in Japan, shoots at the bird, so as simply to detach one feather only, which he lays before the master to show the bird is a snipe.

Tamontara had smiled in superiority just before, in determining the ambiguity of the epithet bestowed on the marsh; but the presumption of an inferior daring to shoot in his presence, rouses him to rage, and, despite all explanation, he drives the offender from his service, and dismisses his father also. Here the curtain drops on the scene, and the narrative, continued eight years after, turns to a different matter. Kadziyemon, an aged rice merchant of Utsimo-Sima, adopted one Sakitsai as his son; and



KOMATSU. WOFANA.

TSIKUSAI. TOFEI.

SAKITAI.

"KOMATSU AND WOFANA, WHILE TSIKUSAI QUESTIONS TOFEI, ARE DESCRIBED BY SAKITAI."



dying, his wife became a nun, or more properly, perhaps a devotee, such as, retiring from matters of business in general, still live in the world and take a mitigated interest in it and their own family affairs.

Sakitsi, holding her in the highest reverence, falls ill from over-attention to business; recovering in some degree, he finds a substitute for the business, and travels to Yamato, entering into cheerful society along the way.

But in the neighborhood of the temple of Nanyin, in Nara, a beautiful maiden was in the habit of attending a tea-house, accompanied by a little girl of four years of age. The elder was a girl of brilliant powers; and while her harp and song won the ears and contributions of the listeners (which the child, according to Japanese etiquette, received on her fan), her conversation and personal charms won the heart of Sakitsi, which his handsome face rendered a not very disagreeable conquest.

But the lovely Misawo was poor; and the poverty of her relations had driven the generous girl to this mode of life, equivocal enough at least. Thus conscious of her position, she showed no particular favor to her admirer; but the conversations and intimacy went quietly and steadily on nevertheless.

The contributions from the company of the tea-house, however, were insufficient to meet the wants of her relatives. Tofei, who had held the post of a soldier, an employ deemed honorable even in the case of privates, had eloped with the sister of the military noble he served, and later, made her his wife. Fanayo, in due season, gave birth to a daughter, the child Koyosi, of the narrative.

But this child was not the only burden on the wedded pair. Kutsiwa, Tofei's mother, had an illness that deprived her of sight, and Kadzuma, his former master, having been disgraced and lost his fortune, was unable to maintain his daughter. By his wife's advice, therefore, he sent her for a time to his fugitive sister Fanayo, and her husband Tofei, for support; imagining them to be in good circumstances, as Fanayo's letters had stated; though Tofei, stripped of nearly all his furniture by distress in the house, had become a sedan-bearer, and in reality could scarcely maintain his family.

To obviate the growing distress of her protectors, the gentle Misawo, finding her tea-house labors insufficient, resolves upon a desperate step—a deeper advance in personal degradation for herself; and sells her liberty for a certain term of years to one Saizo.

Saizo, hardened as he is, betrays some regret at the desperate expedient. The bargain, however, is struck; the money (100 taels) paid; and the document that conveys away the liberty of Misawo is signed, when Saizo calls on Misawo at the tea-house for the purpose of completing the arrangements. The scene, concisely given, is nevertheless told with simplicity, and some considerable effect. In fact, the situations of the tale rise throughout into considerable natural interest, and without any attempt at pathos or display in the author.

Misawo, who, to spare the feelings of her relations, had pretended that her visits, really to the tea-house, were directed to the temple, and to pray for their welfare; and who had changed her humble copper earnings always into gold, passing it off as remittances from her home, had obtained by manoeuvre her aunt's signature, indispensable to the document for Saizo; and now manoeuvres afresh to get off without the knowledge of Tofei and Fanayo.

The morning comes: it is the Feast of Peaches—a festival from the earliest times, and celebrated by rich and poor universally throughout Japan, though in widely different modes by the two. Even in the poverty of Tofei's dwelling something like an attempt at observance is made by the little girl Koyosi before her petty images, scant relics of the furniture of better times; but a single peach forms the propitiatory offering, and an infantine tale is the ritual:—

Tofei goes to his daily labor; and

Misawo then turned to Fanayo, and said, "In order to obtain by my prayers your return to the dwelling of your father, and restoration to your former state, and for Dame Kutsiwa's recovery from this sad affection of the eyes, I have daily visited the Temple of Nanyin; but to-day, owing to the unusual chilliness of the weather, I feel very unwell: would you have the kindness to go there instead of me, now?" Fanayo consented. "And, while I am gone, do you give mother her medicine, when she wakes. Keep yourself warm; and take care that you don't get seriously ill. Koyosi, mamma is going out awhile to prayer; behave properly to my deputy, and wait till I come back." So saying, she went out of the house alone.

Shortly afterwards Saizo, just come from the house Tokuwaka, peeped in at the door, and asked by signs if the opportunity was favorable. Misawo first replied in a whisper, "Come here;" and then aloud, "Yes, it is all right." Saizo coughed knowingly. "Is any one there?" I am come as an escort." Misawo clasped her hands, and he proceeded with a sly grin, "I am a retainer of the magistrate of Jenja, and am called Tokuwaka Saizo. It is high time that the damsel Misawo should show herself, in obedience to the order of the first waiting-dame, Madame Iwafudzi. I have brought for you a four-poled palanquin, really shining all over, and with golden shoulder-pillows; it is waiting now in the street. Get your things together then, and be ready, quick."

Old Dame Kutsiwa, who thought all he said was true, opened the screen of the bed. "What! are you going off directly, and to take a situation as attendant?"

"Yes; sister and Mr. Tofei gave their consent very unwillingly; and, as I imagined your illness would have been over by this time, I put it off till to-day."

"No matter about that: though my son Tofei and my daughter-in-law will be exceedingly sorry as well as myself, yet housewife Fanayo has shown such affectionate attention to me that illness makes no difficulty. I have never said so much to you before, but I felt for you always the highest esteem. What I feel in my heart in consequence of this event, and would fain declare to you without delay, I will another time—it may be long first, if ever—mention to you. What will you bet on it? I know this gentleman you speak about; very well, then: in what place stands the house of this honored judge?"

At this question Saizo's countenance betrayed much embarrassment. "The honored residence is in the Vale of Fans, in very truth: here is the plain of sickle-rooms; you have to pass by a hundred trees. Oh it is, indeed, a very extensive prospect. You, being ill, might stay at the Mountain of the Eight Flags, near the Temple of Convalescence; beyond that mountain you leave the ferry-place to the left, and, if you inquire again there for the residence of the honored magistrate, you will be at once informed where it is."

"Your description of the place is quite new; I have often been in that neighborhood, but never heard or saw any such thing; when was the house built there?"

When he heard this he was greatly puzzled, but replied, "Oh! a long time ago—a very long time, the tenth year of Miraku was the year of its erection, it is the mansion which the people of the province built."

"It must be a very large building!"

"As large as it can be; the great hall is astounding, there are five hundred striped carpets with fringes; five hundred Korean carpets with fringes; five hundred embroidered silk carpets, fifteen hundred of these altogether, astonish the people."

He tried to recollect the name, but it had just slipped his memory.

Misawo saw this, and said abruptly, "The draught is very strong there, and you will take cold, come this way." She took Kutsiwa's hand, led her into the chamber, and drew behind her the screen of the bed. "What sort of dress shall I put on?"

Having said this, she put back her hair from her head, but without making any such change of dress as she referred to. Saizo took from out a copper scroll the hundred taels. Misawo eagerly gave him the written contract in exchange for them, and holding the gold in her hand, looked carefully all round her, then put the money up with a valedictory letter, which she had previously written and hidden behind the images spoken of above, and concealed the whole in the dog-chest.

The dame Kutsiwa comes forth to make inquiry, and ascertain how the young lady dresses herself for the occasion; but Misawo, hastily snatching up an old silk curtain that covered the altar of Buddha in the room, throws it over her ordinary habiliments, and the sightless beldame is deceived by the touch.

Kuyosi comes in, but her remarks on the novel apron are cut short by Misawo, who utters some unintelligible sentences. She next directs the child to give an explanation of her absence out of the little picture-book she had been reading—and which, by the way, contains a kind of tale *apropos* to the case—to her relations when they shall come in. She is then hurried off by Saizo.

Tofei returns just after, and hears of Misawo's departure with the greatest consternation. The tale from the picture-book throws little light on the subject; for it merely relates that a dog, whose life had been saved by a charitable person, led his kind preserver to where a treasure had been deposited.

Tofei, in despair, accidentally strikes his foot against the dog-chest, (in Japan such articles of furniture assume fanciful shapes,) and finds there the letter left by Misawo with the hundred taels. He conceals, however, from Kutsiwa the reason of Misawo's disappearance, and leads her out of the room under the pretext of its being too chill for her. But on Fanayo's return the melancholy valedictory epistle is read to her, and the truth declared. As the contract is signed, and the money paid, however, all attempts to recall the transaction are hopeless. The money, applied to the actual wants of the parties, cures Kutsiwa's blindness, and enables the wedded pair to retire to Naniwa, in Si-Siou.

Misawo, now become a lutanist for the public, changes her name, according to Japanese customs, to Komatsu; but the vulgar prefix to this termination the epithet of Futatsugusi. Sakitsi also, having lost all clue to Misawo, now Komatsu, returns in despair to Naniwa, and there assumes the prenominal of Mitzumori, but never once comes in contact with his mistress—the less as his time is much occupied in excursions.

The second part of the tale commences five years after the foregoing events, with a dialogue between Fanayo, now called Wofana, and the fair Komatsu, who accompanies her home, where the young Koyosi has been instructed in music, and is singing a little ballad.

They went up stairs together, and at the same time there approached the shore a decked vessel, with three men on board, talking freely to each other. One was the person who the altered name, known as Mitzumori Sakitsi; and in his company followed the airy, amiable doctor of spells and conjuration, Jabuwara Tsikusai, living at the Teaspoon of the Prattler's Hall; then came Tokazen, bare-footed like an ape, and wearing a silken mantle, as if for every-day use.

"I say, there, can we take a cup together at your house as we go along?"

"Ay; in my humble dwelling you can have all refreshment."

As the other two guests offered no objection, mine host, Tofei, opened the gate of the front court leading to the verandah and showed the way in.

Oh, don't call it shabby and vulgar; this "Flowery House" is a place of entertainment within the shipping port. In front it offers little attraction, for it is an unpretending place, where there is nothing to see but a verandah of black wood, without any orange garden, and a strong foundation-wall with a wooden paling surrounding.

Tsikusai, without looking about him, entered, talking very loud, and Wofana cried out from up stairs—"Worthy Mr. Sakitsi is an extraordinary sight to see in the southern quarter, where he never before has set his foot."

"Oh! that I know; though I never shut myself up from good companionship, and found a great deal of enjoyment in my own neighborhood. This Sakitsi, leaning back and making the table his pillow, informed me in his delightful conversation that he had parted from his kind mother, and all his little enjoyments in his youth; he detested the labors of gainful trade, and his lot was never free from it; and so the physician stretched out his hand to him, and used at the approach of the frosty season to advise me to go back to the shop. So of late years he has not interfered any more with the business of the house, and has worn down his constitution by sighing. I have been told that it annoyed him that Tsikusai and Tokazen, though continually coming to his house, never allowed him to bear the new name of Mitzumori, with its meaning of the Threads of the Web; so that he, on his part, never could suffer their wearisome buffoonery."

After this incoherent speech, which betrays symptoms of wine, Tsikusai asks some ill-timed questions as to some silk threads of seven colors hung up before the image of a dog. Tofei avoids explanation, and when the figures on a screen are, with singular coarseness of spirit, referred to by Tokazen as recalling the flight of Wofana or Fanayo from her home with Tofei, this latter checks the remarks, and the conversation turns on the newly-arrived female musician, Futatsugusi Komatsu; another coarse allusion to the name of Mitzumori-Sakitsi calls up the disappointed lover:

"In truth, when this screen moves to remind you that there is Komatsu absent, whose name I now hear repeated, though I do not see herself; it yields but a sad burden to the song that must render so trivial a name memorable to latest ages. If Wofatsen conceals the deities of heaven in his bosom, and if fatal stupidity brings them into the question, it is a melancholy business. Hitherto it has been my fixed determination never to bring myself into such companionship. Ah! these inconstant lute-girls are but merchandise, bought and sold! So soon as our money is all spent, they are off: this I know to be true, and attach all importance to the fact."

Just at this moment, while his wide-opened eyes in the full flow of conversation with his companions, were fixed idly upwards on the upper story, their glance fell suddenly on Futatsugusi Komatsu!

Wofana, who accompanied her, turned furtively round behind her back; and Sakitsi upset the cup he was holding, unconscious that its liquid contents were dropping down on his knee.

"The lute-girl here! Who is she, then?"

"It is Futatsugusi Komatsu, whom Mr. Tsikusai knows by report."

Sakitsi, astounded as he heard this, dashed the cup away, and unconsciously loosed and tightened his girdle. "Now I am come to my delight again!"

He enters the house at Tofei's invitation, and there meets the stainless and noble girl his words had just insulted.

As Komatsu sat on a couch in the room, and kept her back turned, without uttering a word, Sakitsi, standing far off, said, forgetful of smoking his pipe, "I know not if you expect me in these few words to bring back the past to your recollection. When I wan-

dered about in Yamato daily by the temple of Nanyin, I listened to the tones of your lute; and even in the midst of my enjoyment it was that you suddenly disappeared, and no one could tell where you were gone. A report was circulated that you had sold yourself, and I ceased not to seek for you everywhere, nor knew that you were here in Utsumo-sima, and in my own immediate neighborhood. To-day I find myself in your presence; and as, for my own part, I am wholly ignorant, and cannot determine whether your feelings towards me still survive, yet, if this be the case, be kind enough to address a few words to me."

He makes her an offer of ten taels:

"Be so good as to give this from me to Madame Fanayo, and there is any of it to spare, purchase a light dress with it, pray."

As he spoke, Komatsu let his pipe fall without looking at it, and with averted face, made a humiliated bow.

"When the atmosphere is obscured by midnight thunder-clouds," proceeded Sakitsi, "it affords a sufficient sign. Why, then, will you not answer me?" and he snatched and smoothed her hand gently with his own.

"It is my resolve," she replied, "never in any case to carry friendship to a point injurious to my welfare. Those inconstant lute-girls are but merchandise bought and sold. But the things reported of me, and which are received as truth, and of which folly stands persuaded, are unknown to Komatsu."

She spoke this with a voice distinct and sad; but he answered, interrupting her—

"I heard in that verandah that you were at the 'Sailors' Tavern.' Could I ever have uttered any thing so barbarous? In very truth, I abstained from all society; and, while seeking the place of your retreat, felt fully confident of the fact that you were still the maiden Misawo."

"If so, why do you not bestow on me the gift of two or three coffee-bits merely, which is the usual amount of a contribution? So soon as you have spent all your money they are off. If, at the time of your interview with me, and when you did not despise nor point me to scorn by such terms, your sole purpose was this, and such the real state of your feelings. If this the condition to which you meant to raise me, far better had it been to have had no feelings at all. While undreaming that you could have so depraved a heart, I have been a hundred times to-day and previously to the temple of Oizen. Only look here."

The scrap contains the oracle's answer to her inquiry, "whether there was any one who loved her." The response is his own name, and the scene terminates with the mutual affiancing of the lovers, gracefully concluded, and the following reflections:

When the bond of union is wrought by destiny it can never again be loosened, but becomes a part of our existence; the three threads that expressed the name of Sakitsi, alternately coming and going, develop their feelings. This year beheld them wrapt in visions of delight, and the green returning spring was Komatsu. But the visitations of the world surrounded and spared him not. Day by day, as the song of the birds invited, he went out with her, hand in hand.

But his rambles with his beloved, and the expenses of these excursions, exhaust his finances; and Miosan, his adopted mother, the devotee, who could not bear the news of his embarrassments, shuts up Sakitsi in the house, and never allows him out of her sight.

Sakitsi, reduced to console himself with "the many tender epistles" of Komatsu, hidden for him by his friend Tsikusai in a flower vase, is one day surprised by his adopted mother, Miosan, who, coming with a pretext about an almanac, reads him a lecture on perceiving his confusion. Just at this juncture Wofana appears, disguised as a conjurer, "to burn the bamboo leaf," in order to amend the heart and habits of Sakitsi, as the latter pretends to his mother. She retires, and Wofana explains the story of Komatsu to her lover, and her own elopement with Tofei to Yamato in years past. The tale is well told; but it now appears that Komatsu's father, who had lost his station by neglect of a falcon intrusted to him by his superior, is now restored to fortune, and has sent Komatsu's half-brother, Jukimaro Riusuke, to bring back his daughter to Kama-kura, as she was contracted in marriage there. The envoy means to purchase her release from Saizo, and bear her home with him, despite her own reluctance. As she is in despair, Sakitsi agrees to meet her that evening.

No sooner is Wofana gone than the old devotee returns to Sakitsi, lectures him severely once more on his duplicity as to the pretended conjurer, &c.; but finishes by giving him the hundred taels, to extricate his mistress from her disgraceful thrall.

Sakitsi puts the money into his bosom, and hastens to the evening interview. Komatsu is at the window upstairs, and conversation begins; but, interrupted by the barking of a dog, Sakitsi drops the packet of taels from his breast, and throws it as a stone in the dark at the assailant. It falls into a boat, waking the sleeping occupant; and Sakitsi, shrinking from notice, touches the girdle of his beloved, suspended from the window, and gains her presence by its assistance.

The despair of Komatsu is extreme; her lover reassures her with the fact of the money; but, on searching for it, first discovers and divines the cause of its loss. He now fully participates in the agony of his mistress, and declares his intention to die with her, that they may be united hereafter.

At this inauspicious moment the entrance of a stranger drives Sakitsi to take refuge in a kind of long box, used by the Japanese as a dresser. The large sleeves and dress of Komatsu conceal the door of this hiding-place, and her lover thus becomes the unwilling witness of a scene in which the stranger (it is Kiusuke) refuses the entreaties of Komatsu to report her as dead, and leave her there to marry Sakitsi. He has raised the money for her release upon his credit, and insists on the strict fulfilment of his mission.

Wofana in vain comes in to the rescue, protesting that though the return home is eligible, yet that the maiden has been visited by a go-between; that is, has had an offer of marriage, and therefore is bound to remain and complete that engagement in preference.

Kiusuke is immovable. Her mother had sent him to bring home Komatsu, as she herself wishes to retire from the world, cut off her hair, and become a nun—after the fashion of Miosan, and the Japanese system of devoting the later period of existence chiefly to religious observances. Her father, too, is jealous of his honor in completion of the marriage contract; and, in case of failure, might probably adopt the Japanese custom of putting an end to his own existence.

To sum up his arguments he gives to Komatsu her mother's letter. The innocent and beautiful girl is in despair: "My course and my conduct have darkened my reputation; in both I have gone astray. And, yet, something of good remains in me." She yields, therefore, and consents to bid her lover, Sakitsi, a final adieu.

Yet this, after all, is but a finesse to obtain the opportunity of terminating her own life in her lover's presence. The whole scene is full of native peculiarities, but narrated with life, truth, spirit, and feeling; and we have only to regret that it is not in our power to give the dramatic effect with which the whole is carried out. The poetic merit of the songs introduced lends us to regret that they are so few and so concise. The two principal would certainly pass into the most fastidious collections of Europe, for their merits and tone are far nearer the English than the Oriental style. The tale ends well.



## THE MIDNIGHT BAPTISM.

It was the month of August, and a crowd of strangers, weary of the heat and excitement of city life, had gathered to the quiet town of T—, to enjoy the quiet beauty and solemn grandeur of nature. And long would the seeking traveller journey, ere scenes lovelier and more soul-soothing blest his vision. Mountain after mountain lifted their heads in silent and perpetual adoration to the hand that formed them. But dearer than all to me were the waters of the beautiful harbor. Now dark and troubled, and anon soft. Still and beautiful as the soul's dream of heaven.

Among the visitors at the hotel were a lady and gentleman, with their only child, an infant. They had come there hoping that their little one might be benefited by the cool sea breezes. But this feeble reed failed them, and they felt they had no power to save.

As the last lingering hope died out in the mother's heart, there rose up a desire to offer back to God the sweet treasure He had so lately given, in the solemn act of baptism. Eternal thanks for the enduring love of a mother. Her soul was overwhelmed with anguish a mother can feel, yet above it all rose the wish to see the fair brow of her child bearing the seal of the covenant.

Kind-hearted strangers waited eager to anticipate her every wish, and quickly summoned a servant of our Saviour to perform the beautiful and solemn rite. Many strangers had gathered in the little parlor, to witness the baptism of the dying child.

In our midst stood the afflicted parents, and the babe, clasped tenderly in the arms of its mother, whose sobs were hushed by a strong effort, but on her face grief and resignation were so plainly blended, that every lip quivered, and each eye was dimmed as we looked on her.

The minister rose, dipped his hand in the consecrated water, and was about to place it upon the brow of the child, when a shower of tears fell from the mother's eyes upon the sweet face of the baby. The minister paused and looked upon the child, and (we all thought him about to pronounce the benediction,) then sprinkling its little face with the sacred water, turning to her mother said, "Young mother, your babe is doubly consecrated." After earnestly and tenderly commending them to the mercy of their God, we separated to meet as we had again, never.

The morning sun rose bright and cloudless, but its first beams fell upon a mother sorrowing beside her dead. The Reaper Death had passed by the bearded grain, and with his sickle keen severed the tender bud, with its sweetest leaves still folded. But he whispered in the mother's ear as she passed,

"Saints shall upon their garments bright  
The spotless blossom wear."

Calmly but still sorrowing, that mother went to her household, murmuring soft and low, "It is well with my child." And the listening angels caught the murmured words and joyfully spread their wings, as onward and yet onward they flew, shouted, "It is well with my child."

A CLERICAL EXQUISITE.—The following appeared in the *Churchman*:

"When I can read my title *cle-ah*  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every *fo-ah*,  
And wipe my weeping eyes."

The above is the style of elocution in which the first lines of Dr. Watt's celebrated hymn was recently delivered from the deeply-recessed chancel of that beautiful church, the rector of which some time since so solemnly announced that the "sufferings of the *poo-ah* increase with the *win-tah*," and who, from the pulpit, is in the habit of extolling the wondrous efficacy of the *Gos-pil* for the *cu-ah* of all the ills of suffering humanity.

The same accomplished minister, upon the same day on which he delighted, from the chancel, his ravished hearers with the above poetic gem, electrified them by the following burst, from the pulpit, of eloquent and classic declamation:

"Oh! *sin-nah*!  
The judgment is *ne-ah*!  
Life is but a *va-pah*!"

Are these the *lab-ahs* of love to which one who has taken upon himself the office of a public *teach-ah* feels himself called? Or is it to be tolerated year after year, the devotions of a congregation are to be disturbed, the beautiful services of the church desecrated, and the momentous truths of revelation degraded, by their unnecessary and censurable association with these and similar vulgar and irreverent exhibitions?

TOTAL abstinence above seven days is fatal to man; but there are instances of surviving after a longer period. A religious fanatic, in 1789, determined to fast forty days; and it is thought he would have done so, had he not died on the sixteenth day.

THOSE who are frugal by habit hardly know that temperance is a virtue.

## FRANKLIN TUTHILL, M.D., CITY EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK DAILY TIMES.

DR. FRANK TUTHILL, as he is popularly called, whose portrait forms one of our illustrations this week, was born on the east-end of Long Island in 1822. He entered college when fourteen years old and graduated in his eighteenth year. He then studied medicine and graduated at the New York University in 1844, after attending two full courses of lectures of Mott, Revere, Draper and the distinguished corps who ten years ago taught medicine in this metropolis. He commenced practice within a week after graduation, at Southold, situated on the north-eastern end of his native island, and continued at it with success for seven years. During this time he was continued, though living in a strong Democratic district, for five years as the town superintendent of common schools, and received the appointment of superintendent for Suffolk county from a Democratic board of supervisors.

Before entering upon the duties of this last appointment, the office was abolished throughout the State. In 1850 Dr. T. was elected by a handsome majority to represent the first Assembly district of his native county in the State Legislature, he being the first Whig, with a single exception, ever sent to Albany from that ancient stronghold of the Democracy. He will be longest remembered, in his early legislative career, for his connection with the history of the Free School Act which was passed that year, and for his efforts to prevent the repeal of the act for the registering of births, marriages, and deaths.

The Legislature, owing to the action of the Democratic minority in the Senate to prevent the canal policy of the Whig majority, held a summer session that year. Party spirit never ran higher, and the doctor joined freely in the debates, in which he lacks neither fluency nor force. He strove very hard to get through a bill legalizing the dissections of the human body. During the two sessions it passed each branch of the Legislature, but it was violently assailed by the city delegation and lumbered with so many amendments by them that it was lost.

The discussion it then received, however, prepared the public

mind for it, and it was passed without much opposition a year or two later. At this extra session the Doctor's lengthy report upon a whimsical petition to make bleeding in medical practice a penal offence, elucidated a good deal of attention. It was marvellously enjoyed by the regulars, and handsomely abused by the irregulars; indeed it had the honor to be more slashingly than ably reviewed in three succeeding numbers of an English Quarterly—the organ of the Chrono-Thermists. While still representing Suffolk county, Dr. Tuthill removed to New York city, with the intention of continuing his professional practice there. But after one year's practice he passed into the editorial corps of the *New York Daily Times*, under the lead of H. J. Raymond, an employment infinitely more congenial to his tastes.

During the past two years he has held the responsible and laborious position of city news editor of the *Daily Times*, in which capacity he has been distinguished for discretion, sagacity, intelligence, integrity and tact.

Dr. Tuthill has continued his interest in popular education, and has shown by the space devoted to our city free schools, in his department, that he is both able and willing to give effective aid in this important field of labor. He has also been an active friend of medical education, and of the various benevolent institutions of our city, and has shown the most liberal feeling in regard to the admission of women to all of the advantages of a thorough medical education afforded by our hospital clinics and colleges.

Dr. Tuthill has also exerted a decided influence upon our municipal affairs, and has urged with great ability some of the most important measures of public policy, including the new City Hall, Central Park, and other much needed improvements.

Physically the doctor is not a large man, but he always enjoys good health, being particularly fond of a long walk, and scrupulously a teetotaler. Religiously he is a Presbyterian, and we believe he was the lay representative of the Long Island Presbytery for two successive years in the General Assembly at Philadelphia and Detroit.

## DESTRUCTION OF THE FIRST DUTCH CHURCH, POUGHKEEPSIE.

ON Sunday, the 18th of January, the Dutch church of Poughkeepsie, now for the fourth time in its history, was found to be on fire. The alarm was given at fifteen minutes past 12 o'clock. At this time the smoke was seen issuing from the west side of the base of the steeple. The cause of the fire is attributed to some defect in the furnaces used in heating the building, as the church was left in apparently perfect order only a few moments before the alarm of fire was sounded. When this did occur, the thermometer stood twelve degrees below zero. The flames at once lapped the wood work of the spire, appearing like consuming serpents of fire as they wound their way to its peak, impelled on by the fierce north wind which was blowing at the time. In a short time the spire fell upon the roof of the church, without any material damage to the surrounding buildings, and thus relieved many an anxious mind about the spread of the fire. Scarcely a member of the fire department escaped without a frozen limb, still they toiled on with that generous spirit peculiar to American firemen, nor did they cease in their exertions until the naked walls of the church alone remained.

This church was built in 1822. On the 4th July, 1833, it was set on fire by some fire crackers, and the roof was partly burnt off. On the 4th of July, 1844, it was again set on fire, as is supposed in the same way, and was again nearly consumed. About two months ago it caught fire from some defect in the furnace, but little damage was done; but on the eighteenth instant the fire triumphed and left the fated edifice a ruin. The loss is between twelve to fifteen thousand dollars, a part of which will be saved from insurance.

## VIEW OF THE BAY AND CITY OF NAPLES.

THE city of Naples and the surrounding country includes, undoubtedly, the garden spot of the world. No climate is elsewhere so fine, no locality more picturesque, and yet there reigns over the lovely region so blessed by nature, Ferdinand, the tyrant and curse of the age, a man who has all the brutality and superstitious ignorance of the dark ages, and who turns this fair portion of the world into a prison-house and a place of terror and suffering to the inhabitants: no wonder that he is constantly afraid of assassination. But leaving the tyrant, whom the people, sunk in vice, have not energy enough to drive from the throne, we come back to nature as it appears, and as it was created by the kind hand of Providence. "See Naples and die," says the proverb. "See Naples and live," say we. And if our readers survive a glance at the sketch, we urge them to come and look upon the reality, spite of ideal dangers. The artist must be supposed to have lingered in a garden not far from the Tomb of Virgil; and what sweeter spot could a poet have chosen for his last repose? "But it is not the Tomb of Virgil," says some matter-of-fact traveller close at hand. Never mind, we believe it to be so. We believe everything when we are going through a dreamy land like this, and abjure all scepticism. But to continue our description. Posilipo is just below us, or a little round to the right—requiring, perhaps, the aid of the Irishman's telescope to see it—Posilipo, so lovely with its vines, and olives, and luxuriant fruits, that the Greeks called it the "Assuager of Grief." It is indeed a lovely spot, and commands one of the grandest, and yet the softest, views in the whole world. Those stern pines in the foreground are a characteristic feature in the scenery of the south. They rear up their proud height, and seem anxious to tell a tale of the olden time. Their dark-green tints contrast wonderfully well with the deep blue of the sea and sky; and when one of the wild hurricanes of these latitudes sweeps over sea and land they discourse wild music in harmony with the scene. Scrambling up the mountain at the back, and pursuing an imaginary road along the crests of hills, divided by deep ravines, we arrive at length at the culminating point, on which stands the Castle of St. Elmo. It is a picturesque and striking object this old castle, and is visible from every part of the city. Strange stories are told of its dungeons; but we must not pause. There it stands, with its guns pointed on the city—the supporter of church and king—a menace to all who have the bad taste to pant after liberty and progress.

When the crater first fired, the conflagration commenced on the very summit, and opened with what sounded like heavy cannonades of heavy artillery. In the middle of the cone ten craters formed, and from these the lava pours forth like a river, and runs on the side of the Cavallo as far as the Minatore. Here four other craters formed, which threw up bitumen in the manner of pyramids, and resemble gigantic exhibitions of fireworks. The whole of the summit of the crater therefore becomes like a sponge. The thin crust trembles under your feet. You may see the stones dance with the tremulous movement; the part immediately round the crater looks like the sides of a heated copper boiler. The lava gradually descends the mountain sides, and we learn how towns and cities are destroyed. Says an intelligent eye-witness: "As we approached the menaced neighborhood the inhabitants were removing their goods, and on a bridge in the middle of the little township of Ceresole (through which in the

winter time thunders down from the summit of Vesuvius one of those mountain rivers well known in Italy) stood a company of sappers. Creeping under this solid handsome bridge into the bed of the river, we went up in face of the lava, which was now coming rapidly down. Here again were sappers, raising mounds on either side, to divert the ruin from some private grounds, and keep the lava in one straight course. The smoke which rose over the heads of the multitudes told us we were close on the spot, and climbing up the bank and walking along the top, we looked down on this mighty mass of fire. How changed the neighborhood in two days! Where I walked on Sunday night was now a sea of fire. The side road by which I had come down into the main stream from Pollena and Massa di Somma was now full of blackened coke. The houses on the borders of the village had fallen—in one thirty poor people lived; a small chapel was swallowed up, a gentleman's villa, and a sad extent of vineyard and garden ground. On the other side of the great lava bed another stream was branching off to San Sebastiano. We had hoped to have crossed it, and ascended to the cascade again, but it was no longer possible; for, as one says, speaking of a marshy country in the winter, the lava was out. The fire here had begun to enter the burial ground of the little town, but was diverted from its course by a wall. On the opposite side of the stream were the King and all the royal family. The banks on either side were thronged with curious and anxious multitudes, whose faces were lighted up with the blaze of hundreds of torches, and with the more resplendent flame of the rapidly descending lava. Since the morning it had moved a mile. It was like a vast river of glowing coke. As it moved on, the tens of thousands of lumps rolled and tumbled over the other, crackling, and grinding, and grating; and when, from the very face of it, a large lump fell off, the appearance was that of an iron furnace when the iron is being drawn. To make the resemblance more complete, at such times men darted forward with long poles taken from the neighboring vineyards, and pulled out great masses of lava in which they embedded money for sale. What struck me at first, and what strikes me as the most majestic feature in the whole scene, is the slow, silent, irresistible motion of that fiery flood. Active almighty power without an effort! So grand and so destructive an eruption has not been known for many years, and even now we cannot tell how or when it will terminate. The mountain is literally seamed with lava, and many fear a violent explosion as the final scene of the tragedy."

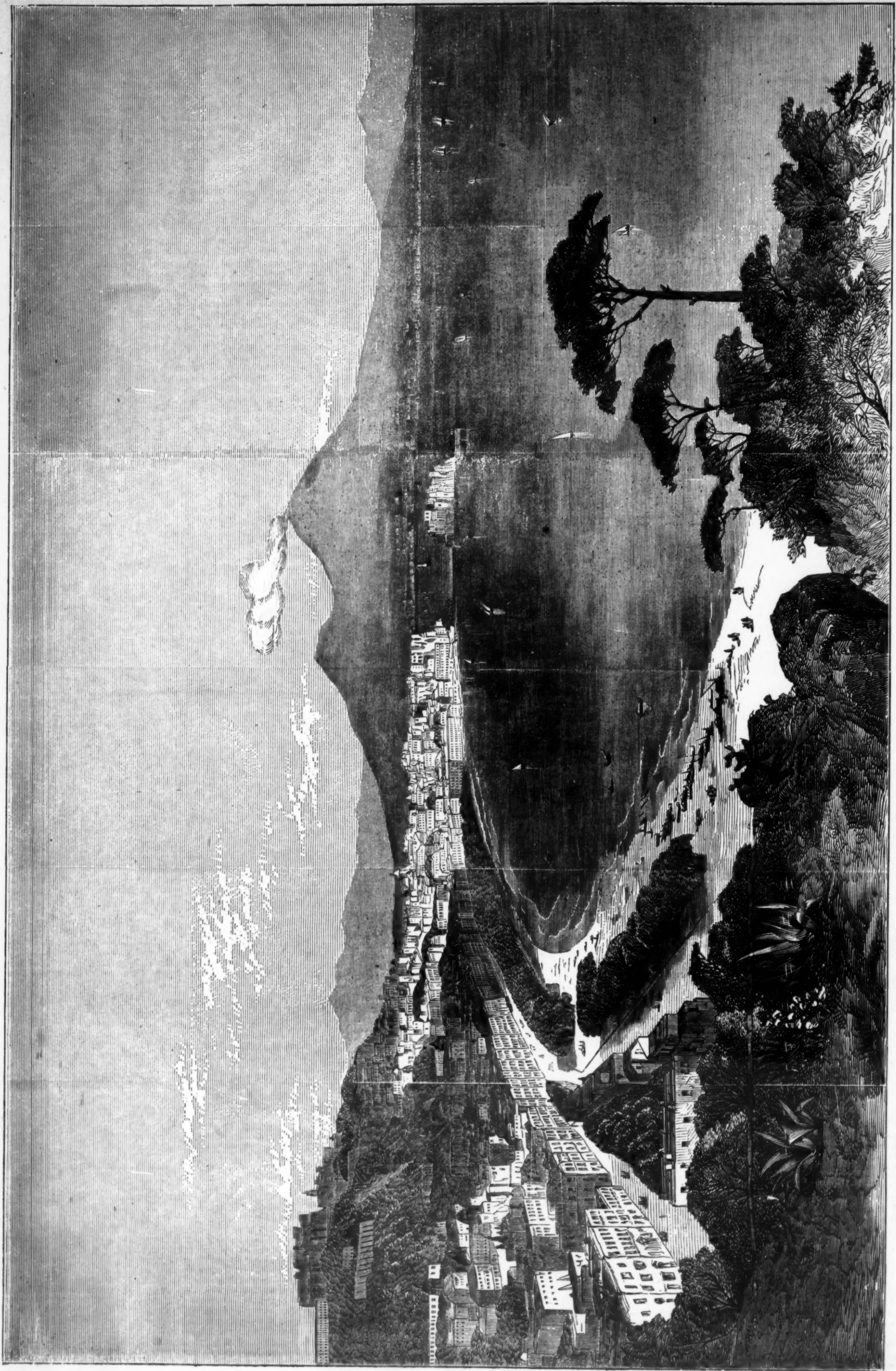
Round the bottom of the volcanic mountains, over which we have been clambering, runs a vast semi-circle of buildings: this is the "West-end" of Naples. The great Corso of the capital runs between the houses and the sea; one narrow strip of it, however, forms the Villa Reale; and, whilst some repose on marble seats and listen to the music of its fountains, splash, and others stroll through groves of ilex and gardens of oriental plants, adorned with statuary, the great world outside is dashing along in every conceivable kind of equipage, from the time of Noah downwards. The extremity of this half-moon of buildings is formed by Pizzifalcone, on which are seated extensive barracks; and at about a gunshot distance out at sea is the Castel d'Uovo—Egg Castle is the meaning of the words, and perhaps so called from its form. It is fortified, as is every other practicable point about Naples, and the guns are pointed inwards; whilst the entire wall which separates the castle and the yard from the city are pierced with slits for musketry. Hence, at any time, may be poured forth upon the "amatissimi sudditi" the expressions of affection of the "adorato Sovrano." From the sea the houses run away, and creep up the sides of the mountain, till scarcely any more space remains for building. Round the extremity of Pizzifalcone we find another city—the city, in fact; and running, like the "West-end," round a half-moon of sea and up the mountains, and down again on the other side. There are Santa Lucia, and the Royal Palace, and the Arsenal, and the Marina, lying on the borders of the port, which ought to be full of shipping, but is not; and behind them are old Naples and hosts of places of interest, which we must not stop to detail. Then the coast runs away to Portici; and so onwards till, if we like, we may turn sharp round to the left under Vesuvius, look in at Pompeii, and then pursue the valley to Salerno. Or, if not disposed to turn off, pursue the most enchanting road in the world to Castellamare, Vico and Sorrento, always by the sea or above it.

Such is a description of the View of the Bay of Naples from the Tomb of Virgil. The time of the scene is a fine October evening. The smoke from Vesuvius was strongly defined on the blue canvas of the sky, a lateen sail slumbered here and there upon the water, and the gulls which hovered between us and the sea looked like flies in crystal. We may not, however, dwell longer upon it; but to all who gaze upon this sketch we say, "Come and see!" Yet, while Vesuvius seems to sleep in the back ground as soft and harmless as a sephyr cloud upon the sea, there have been times in its history when it has poured forth its seas of melted lava, its dark clouds of ashes, burying cities from the sight of man, overwhelming vast populations, and rendering desolate the fairest land under the sun. Of the more recent and comparatively harmless eruptions, we have a vivid description from an eye witness, who says:

"As we turned the Chiatamone there was the mountain standing out of the plain against the blue starry heavens, and a broad stream of lava slowly rolling down its cone, and from the summit a thick cloud of smoke spread over it in the shape of a gigantic pine-tree, the lower part of which, from the reflected fire, was red, while higher up a thick layer of smoke, with a white top, lay curling over like the foliage of the tree. The lava was streaming in one broad flood from about halfway up the mountain's cone, whence, when it got to the bottom, it seemed, from the ground being less steep, to crawl along until it reached the edge of the old crater that forms the vacuum between Vesuvius and Monte Somma. Here it found itself arrested on the brink of an abyss some 200 or 300 feet wide; and, from the distance we were at, we could see the stream of fire rushing over like a vast cataract, with immense boulders of red-hot rocks hurled over, and chasing each other down until the ground got more even, and the speed slackened. From this point the lava crept on, but so slowly that it was difficult to mark its progress; and the effect was beautiful as it burned the trees it met in its course, which flamed up with a bright blue light like Roman candles. The reflection of the burning mountain was thrown across the sea on the very edge of the spot where we were standing, and formed a lovely contrast to the beams of the pale silvery moon, as they lit up Capri and the Sorrento coast."

"As you may suppose, the lava makes great progress, and does not seem to be diminished. I went again, but to another part, last Saturday night. It was then threatening a village called San Sebastiano, for it has already got into the plain, and has destroyed an infinity of property. I hear to-day that the stream is 600 feet in breadth, and has engulfed three houses. They have sent firemen to build walls, to try and turn the direction of the stream. However, that won't do much good. When I was there last Saturday it was a curious sight to see the wretched proprietors cutting down their vines and trees to save the wood. Thousands of people were standing in front of the advancing flood, for in the plain there is no danger, as it moves about fifty yards in five hours. When it is likely to cease nobody can tell, as every day the mountain opens fresh craters, and it is likely to continue to do so."





VIEW OF THE BAY AND CITY OF NAPLES, CAPITAL OF THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES, TAKEN FROM THE TOMB OF VIRGIL, V. JUVIUS IN THE DISTANCE. SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



## SKETCHES IN THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG.

## SKETCHES IN ST. PETERSBURG.]

SAYS a recent writer who visited the Russian capital:

I was greatly disappointed with my first view of St. Petersburg. From the extraordinary accounts I had so often read of its magnificence, I was certainly led to expect something infinitely more grand. A drive of half an hour enables the stranger to pass through all the best parts of the city. It is true that in one tableau are assembled a number of splendid buildings, such as few capitals afford; but if within the same space were collected all the finest public buildings in London, with all the advantages of the great extent of ground and clear atmosphere, enabling the visitor to obtain an unobstructed view of their various beauties, it would be easy to guess which would present the most imposing appearance; added to which, it must be recollected that the edifices in St. Petersburg are, for the most part, only of brick and stucco. That this assemblage of all that is splendid in the city gives it at first sight a magnificent ensemble I do not deny; but, like everything Russian, the showy facade only hides what is mean behind. In the same tableau we see the Admiralty, on a line with which is the Winter Palace itself, facing the War Office; in the intermediate space stands the Alexander Column, with the bronze angel on the top, whose head is bowed in adoration, and who bears a golden cross in his arms. In the large square of the Admiralty stands the celebrated statue of the Czar Peter, on the left hand of which is the Ministerial and Judicial department. Behind the statue is the Isaac Church, not yet finished, a heavy-looking building of dark granite, with gilt dome and crosses, and four ridiculous-looking little towers, one at each corner. Some affirm that the dome and cupola are covered with thin sheets of pure gold, of the thickness of a ducat; but this is quite a mistake; they are only treble gilt. The interior is in an unfinished state, but it will be much ornamented with rich mosaics; and it is for this cathedral that the pictures and statues are intended which formed the cargo of the vessel that so cleverly escaped a few months ago being seized by the Allied cruisers. On the bank of the Neva, opposite to this edifice, are the University and the Academy of Fine Arts, the latter a large and handsome square building. There is one really fine street in the city—it is called the Nevsky Perspective, which as far as the Anitchkin-bridge presents a splendid appearance, but at the other extremity degenerates into miserable

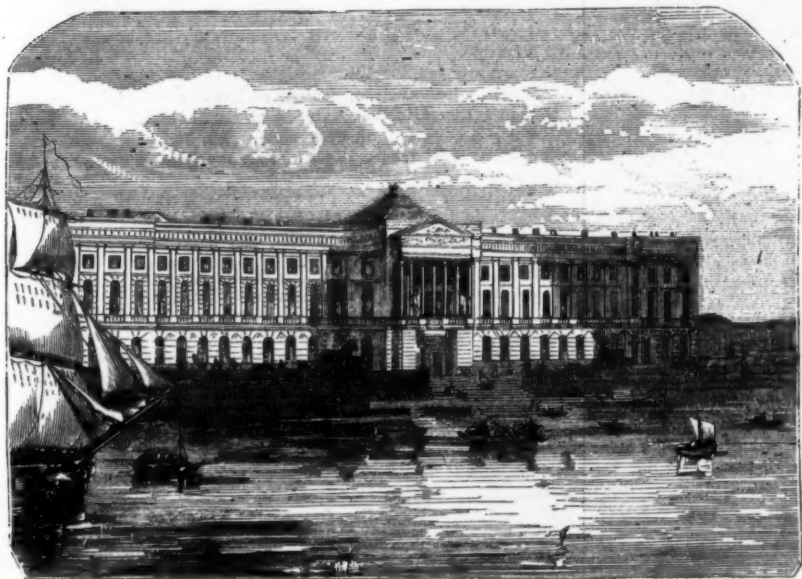


POSTMAN, AT ST. PETERSBURG.

a handsome profit by the end of the year; and this will serve to show how, even in the merest trifles, the Government is at the mercy of the employes.

Returning to the topography of the city, we shall proceed to describe some of its leading characteristics. First, as to the Admiralty, the front of which, towards the vast open space of the same name, is nearly half an English mile in length, and its two sides at right angles to it, and running down to the river, are 650 English feet; one of these faces the Winter Palace, the other the Isak Palace, and the other the Isak Platz and the Senate-house. Immediately in the centre of the Admiralty facade is a tower—the tapering gilded spire and the glittering vane, a ship in full sail, on the summit of which are visible from the most distant parts of the city: the effect of this light and graceful spire is very pleasing; but the gallery at its base is greatly disfigured by some emblematical figures in plaster, which are clustered thick about it. Near the principal entrance are some gigantic figures, also in brick and plaster, the bricks being discernible, which are the reverse of ornamental. The figures are emblematical of Russia's power and strength: one of the groups is intended to represent Peter the Great receiving a trident from the hands of Neptune. A considerable portion of the Admiralty is devoted to school-rooms for naval cadets.

But the view of the city from this tower deserves further detail. Close to it the eye looks down on the dockyard below, in which lie prostrate the pride of the Vologda and Kostroma forests, and mighty ships are growing into life under the busy hands of swarms of workmen—when one of these is launched, the pageant seen from hence must be highly interesting. On the south front of the building is the noble Ploshad or square, called after it, and at either end that of Peter and of the Court, round which are grouped the chief buildings of the capital; amongst these are the Hotel de l'Etat Major, whence Russia's millions of soldiers receive their orders, the Senate-house, and the Holy Synod, in which the temporal and spiritual concerns of a hundred nations are discussed and determined. To the right and at a short distance are the War Office and the Isak Church; in the former a thousand pens ply their nibs in the service of Mars and the Emperor; and in the latter is a profusion of columns, each of colossal magnitude. On the left, and skirting the river, is the mighty Winter Palace; in the corner of which dwells the great man to whom so vast a portion of the

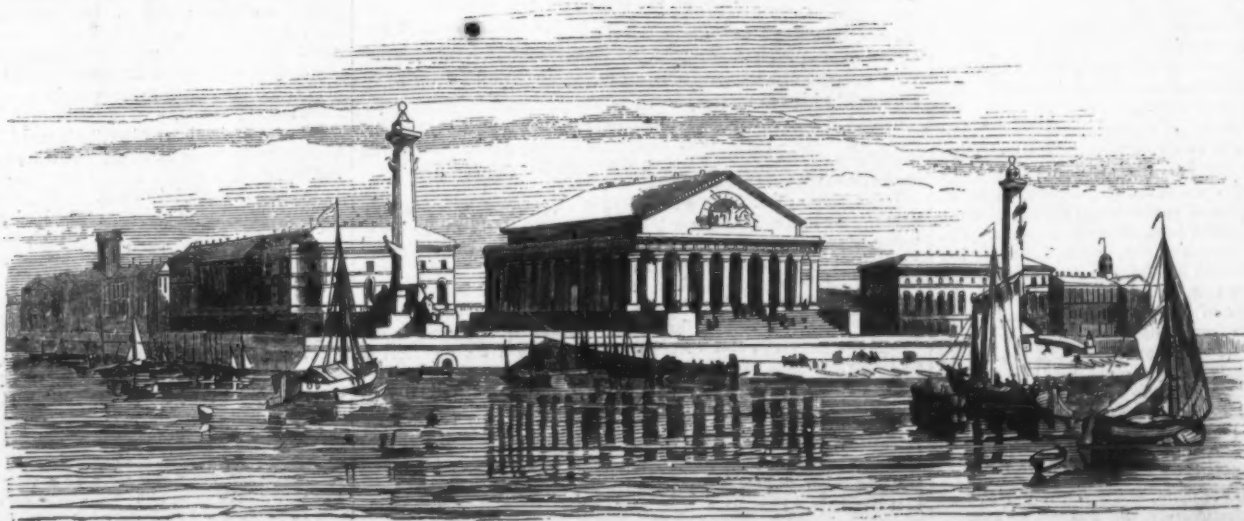


THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, ST. PETERSBURG.



THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE, ST. PETERSBURG.

dwelling, some of them of wood. The objects that attracted my attention the most were the granite quays with which the Neva and the canals are bordered, and which must have cost incalculable trouble, and an immense expenditure, both of treasure and human life, in their construction. The pavement in St. Petersburg is absolutely abominable, and only two or three streets are lighted with gas; the remainder still retain the almost heathen obscurity of oil. Apropos of these same oil-lamps, I was told by a Russian gentleman that the police authorities in the capital find them immensely to their advantage; for by lighting two wicks instead of



THE EXCHANGE, ST. PETERSBURG.

human race look up with hope and anxiety, and whose name is prized and dreaded beyond any other over a territory larger than that of any sovereign on the surface of the globe. The length of the open spaces, bordered by the public buildings just mentioned, is not much less than an English mile; at one extremity, near the Senate and the Synod, stands the colossal equestrian statue of Peter the Great, while the other is gracefully ornamented by the smooth and polished monolith raised to the memory of the Emperor Alexander I., one of the most amiable of mankind. Hurrying to and fro, but never crowding these immense expanses of



pavement, may be seen at every hour of the day the equipages of field-marshal, generals, governors, and courtiers, the heads of the Church and State, metropolitan senators, bishops, and judges; priestly processions, military parades, and funeral trains; and, should the spectator tire of the moving panorama on this side, he has but to turn his telescope towards the north, and bring within its field one of a totally different character: the quays and the Neva are as much animated by shipping as the Ploshchads are by carriages and four, and the river and canals by passing gondolas and boats. But, beautiful, regular, and vast as this view of St. Petersburg really is, the traveller will look in vain for anything approaching the picturesque. No buildings are raised above the rest; masses of architecture, worthy of mountains for their pedestals, are ranged side by side in endless lines, and the eye, nowhere gratified either by elevation or grouping, wanders unsatisfied over a monotonous sea of undulating palaces, vainly seeking a point of antiquity or shade on which to repose. This is particularly obvious in winter, when streets, river and houses are all covered with one universal snow. In spring, when the sun removes the pale shroud from the earth and the waters, the lively green of the painted roofs and the azure star-spangled cupolas of the churches enable the eye again to revel in the long untasted enjoyment of color, and the river gaily mirrors the palaces that grace its banks.

The Academy of Arts is situated on the Vassali Island, and has been described as one of "those outwardly splendid piles, with ten times more space than in England would be allowed for the same object, ten times more out of repair, and ten times dirtier." The Academy has an elevation of seventy feet: the whole length, four hundred feet, along the façade facing the Neva, is adorned with columns and pilasters; on the centre cupola is seated a colossal Minerva, and the portal is supported by a Farnese Hercules and a Flora. The parapet in front of the Academy is adorned with two superb granite sphinxes brought from Egypt. This institution is so extensive, that not only the pupils who receive instruction live here, but also the professors and academicians, and many artists: in all, it is said, not less than 1,000 persons.

But we must say a few words of the treasures of the interior. The hall and staircase are all on a grand scale, and appropriately adorned with casts from the Laocoon, the Gladiator and other celebrated statues of antiquity. The walls are lined with eight cartoons of boar-hunts and sylvan sports, by Rubens and Snyders—the latter quite undeniable—of great merit. But the great attraction is Briloff's picture of the Fall of Pompeii—an immense canvas—at least twenty feet wide by fifteen high. The remaining works worthy of any notice are the cartoons of Raphael, Mengs, an Apollo and Muses, and a few of the Raphaels and Peruginos. Some statues from Warsaw are not without merit; those brought from the islands of the Archipelago, by Admiral Spiridon, are mere fragments. There is also a well-executed statue, in marble, of Napoleon, brought from Hamburg by Benningen and Witgenstein.

The General Post-office is a commodious building; but the façade is altogether inferior to that of Smirke's severe edifice in St. Martin's-le-Grand, London. This illustration, however, affords us a glimpse of a St. Petersburg street, with the arrival of a diligence, described to be equal, if not superior, to any other public conveyance out of America—except a railway carriage: As a companion to this engraving we have engraved an Imperial Postman of St. Petersburg delivering letters. He wears a sword, which is not extraordinary in a capital where every ninth man that you meet in the streets is a soldier.

The Exchange at St. Petersburg, illustrated in the lower engraving, is a fine building on the Vassali Island. Stately flights of steps lead from it to the river, and in the open space, in front, are two "columnæ rostratæ," above 100 feet in height, and decorated with the prows of ships. These columns are hollow, and on their summits, which are reached by a flight of iron steps, are gigantic vases that are filled with combustibles on all occasions of public illumination. The erection of the whole, including the quays, occupied nearly twelve years, from 1804 to 1816, a most unheard-of period in St. Petersburg, where a copy of St. Peter's at Rome was "got up in two years," and a new Imperial palace rose from its ashes in eleven months. The great hall of the Exchange, which is of colossal proportions, is lighted from above. At each end on both sides are spaces in the form of arcades—in one of the first stands an altar, with lamps constantly burning, for the benefit of the pious Russian merchants, who always bow to the altar, and sometimes even prostrate themselves, on their entrance, to implore the favor of all the saints to their undertakings.

## A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF HIS RACE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE,"  
"MINNIE GREY," ETC.

(Commenced in No. 52.)

### CHAPTER XX.

Celia will tell you, sirs, that she has lost  
All interest in the world; and yet relate  
Its newest scandals with a woman's zest;  
Reprove its sins—prate of its vanities,  
Dressed in their newest fashion: thus self-love  
Loves to deceive itself.—THE COQUETTE, AN OLD COMEDY.

PARIS in 1834 presented a very different aspect, both morally and materially, from the Paris of the present day, it having lately passed through one of those convulsions which, like the earthquake, uproot, engulf, and destroy—level the ancient landmarks of society without erecting new ones in their stead.

The storm which shattered the throne of the Bourbons had taken the country by surprise; revolution has since become endemic, and ceases to leave profound traces of its course.

The Parisians, at the period we speak of, had scarcely recovered from their dream of liberty; that is to say, although the intoxicating draught brewed for them by the hereditary conspirators of the Palais Royal, assisted by Lafayette, Lafitte, and the speculators of the stock exchange, had been drained to the dregs, the fumes of the beverage had not entirely evaporated from some weak brains. The citizen king had not quite lost his popularity, but in his white hat with the national cockade in it, and his fatherly-looking umbrella in his hand, or tucked under his arm, could still venture from the Tuileries on foot, without danger of being shot at by some disappointed patriot, as afterwards so frequently occurred.

To be sure the tide very soon turned against him, and the bubble burst; but whilst it lasted, Louis Philippe must have been a very happy man.

It is true the Faubourg St. Germain continued to sulk at the change. The nobility, secluded in their vast hotels, or retired to their estates in the provinces, refused to grace his court. But what of that? His affairs were prosperous; he had the telegraph at his command, the bourse to speculate upon, and the crown of France in his pocket. Spain—for, unfortunately, the diseases of France, like her fashions, are highly contagious—had her revolution also, the Salique Law abolished, and the sceptre of Charles the Fifth

transferred to the hand of a child, and that child a female! No bad prospect for a powerful neighbor, who recollected that he had numerous sons to provide for; and, to complete the picture, poor simple John Bull clapping his hands approvingly all the while.

Such was the state of affairs when Harold Tracy and his friend, accompanied by Will of the Belt and Tom, arrived in Paris. As a matter of course, they put up at Meurice's, then in the Rue St. Honoré, the rendezvous of most English travellers to whom money was a secondary consideration.

The day after arrival they delivered their letters to the ambassador; Lord Granville—whose hospitality was proverbial—the representative of England, was really its representative then, and the office of *chef* to his excellency not, as now, a sinecure.

Amongst other letters, Miss Margaret Tracy had sent her nephew one to the Duchess de Rohan, whom she had known in London as one of the most distinguished emigrants of the first Revolution, with a pressing request that he would deliver it directly he reached Paris—a request which our hero complied with.

Two days afterwards he received a note, sealed with an enormous coat of arms, and written in a small, cramped, female hand, stating that the Duchess received twice a week at her hotel—Mondays and Thursdays—and would be happy to see Mr. Harold Tracy and his friend, Mr. De Burg.

"De Burg!" repeated Harry, as his friend read the contents to him. "Why the De? I am not entitled to it."

"Doubtless a politeness on the part of her grace," replied Harold Tracy, laughingly. "Or stay. I have it—rely upon it you are indebted to my dear old aunt for the compliment."

"Which you may accept with a safe conscience," observed Lord Charles Murray, one of the English attachés who had made the acquaintance of the friends on their visit to the embassy, and called upon them at Meurice's to offer his services. "In France you would be considered noble. Every gentleman is, or rather *was* so. You are fortunate," he added.

"Fortunate!" repeated our hero, "in what respect?"

"In being invited to the receptions of the Duchess de Rohan."

"Are her parties so agreeable, then?"

"The dullest things in the world," replied his lordship, "but the most exclusive. What riding in the carriage of Louis the Fourteenth formerly was, an invitation to the Hotel de Rohan now is—the most distinguished honor fortune can bestow. I had some hope," continued the speaker, "of being so favored, but although my father, who is one of her oldest friends, wrote twice, her grace remained inexorable. My sin was not to be forgiven."

"If it were not an indiscretion, my lord," observed Harry Burg, "I should ask the nature of the sin you allude to."

"Is it possible you do not know it?" replied the attaché, with a look of surprise. "My connection with the embassy. The duchess is a pure Legitimist."

"And do not the ambassadors visit with her?"

"Not one," answered their informant; "once accredited to the court of Louis Philippe, and the doors of the Hotel de Rohan are closed against you."

"How ridiculous!" exclaimed Harold.

"How provoking, you mean," said his new acquaintance.

"I cannot comprehend it."

"Because you do not understand the influence of fashion," observed Lord Charles, "which in Paris is the only despotism that smiles at revolution. The lady in question is neither young, beautiful, nor exceedingly rich; but there is not a diplomatist, old or young, who would not conceive it a greater triumph to vanquish her obstinacy than the most brilliant success at court. And, as for the ladies, more than one have compelled their husbands to refuse admission to the new state of things for fear of offending her. There is something unusual in the *empresament* she has shown in writing to you so soon after the reception of your aunt's letter. She must have some motive. Can't make it out," he added. "But perhaps they are very dear friends."

"It must be two or three and twenty years since they met," replied our hero.

"Of course you will present yourself on Thursday?"

"You forget we are invited to a ball at court," said Harry.

"Court! my dear fellow," exclaimed their visitor. "Pah! who attaches any importance to a ball at the Tuileries now, when, ten to one, but you are jostled by your tailor or your grocer, sporting the uniform of the national guard. You may appear at court, dine *en famille* with the king, walk with the princesses, hunt with the princes, and still remain unknown; but once pass the ordeal of the Hotel de Rohan and you become a celebrity. It is the *passé partout* to the best society; the men will envy you; the women admire you. Besides, you will meet there her niece, Marie de Trouville, the loveliest girl in France, and, if report does her justice, the most spirituelle. Besides, you can drop in at the palace at any hour," he added, with a smile.

We beg to assure our readers that it is no exaggerated picture which we have drawn of the exclusive tone assumed by the Legitimist nobility in Paris, after the fall of Charles the Tenth, and the accession of Louis Philippe. The men declined every office which would have entailed a recognition of the new dynasty, and their wives and daughters refused to appear at court.

The circle which surrounded the royalty of the barricades was far less illustrious than the one in which it had moved before its elevation.

The Rohans, it will be remembered, disputed with the family of Louis Philippe the succession of the murdered Conde; for murdered he undoubtedly was, it being clearly proved upon the trial that the prince was paralysed both in his right arm and side, and consequently could not have hugged himself to the *espagnollette* of the window, from which his confidential valet and mistress, the Baronne de Fauchieres, pretended they cut him down.

As a matter of course the Rohans lost their cause, and the disappointment added to the vehemence of their political partisanship.

Let it not be supposed for an instant that we mean to insinuate the late king of the French was a party to the crime; there is not the slightest proof such was the case, although, like a good *père de famille*, he descended to profit by it.

When, in obedience to the decree of the present Emperor of the French, the possession of the house of Orleans were sold, the noble estate of Chantilly was purchased by Miss Burdett Coutts, many suppose as agent for the exiled family.

There was something so different from all their preconceived ideas of Parisian society in what their visitor related, that the friends decided at once upon visiting the Hotel de Rohan before going to the ball at the Tuileries, and occupied themselves till the day arrived in viewing all that was remarkable in Paris.

"I fear we are lending ourselves to a folly," observed Harold Tracy to his friend, as they drove to the residence of the duchess. "I cannot understand such influence. Here is Lord Charles, bearing one of the noblest names in Europe, intriguing for admission to a circle which, after all, boasts not of one single attraction."

"You forget the niece," replied Harry.

"What niece?"

"Marie de Trouville," answered the former.

"True," said our hero, with a sigh—for his thoughts reverted to Bella and his parting interview with her in the drawing-room at the

General's. "She must be beautiful, indeed, to render me forgetful of the past. It haunts me like my shadow."

On reaching the hotel they drove into the vast old-fashioned courtyard, and alighted at the perron, which was lit only by a single lamp. A grave-looking valet, in a faded livery, was the only person to receive them.

The visitors gave their names, which, like most Frenchmen, the man contrived to mispronounce as he called out to the groom of the chambers, who stood at the head of the grand staircase. The latter in turn contrived to mutilate them still more; and so the unfortunate names were passed on, till the page, who announced them in the salon, completed the change by mumbling something which, instead of Tracy and Burg, sounded very like "Crazy Burge."

There were not more than a dozen persons assembled when they entered the apartment; they were chiefly ladies, with one or two gentlemen. The mistress of the mansion, a withered little old woman, dressed in black silk, rose from her seat by the fire to receive them; she was very highly rouged, and might without any great injustice have been called plain, but for her dark expressive eyes, which, despite her age, she still knew how to use; as what Frenchwoman does not?

She extended a hand to each of her visitors with stately courtesy, and presented them to her friends, almost every one of whom bore a name of historical interest.

"You visit Paris at a dull period, gentlemen," she said. "Society is dead, and the few who assemble here are its mourners."

"Say rather its representatives, duchess," answered Harold, who, remembering Sir Mordaunt's example when introduced to the daughters of General Trelawny, gallantly kissed her hand.

The lady smiled.

"And how is my sweet friend Margaret Tracy?" she inquired. Our hero assured her she was well.

"And lovely as ever?" asked his hostess.

"Nephews, I fear, are but bad judges of their aunts' beauty," replied the young man with a smile. "And time," he added, bowing pointedly, "does not always spare perfection."

Considering that it was his *début* in French society, the compliment was pretty well; but he had had the advantage, if it may be considered such, of hearing Sir Mordaunt and his sister converse on the subject of their younger days, till he had almost caught their tone.

"Pas mal," said her grace, approvingly. "I am happy to find that the young men in England preserve the traditional manners of good society. We have few young men in France," she added, with one of those little inexpressible shrugs which convey so much.

Harold looked surprised.

"Frai," she continued; "but in return for our youth the Revolution has given us plenty of philosophers, jockeys, and speculators. Am I not right, count?"

This was addressed to a tall military-looking man, about fifty years of age, who wore the ribbon of some foreign order.

There was something so striking in his appearance, in the dark beard which covered all the lower part of his face, that the friends felt curious to learn his name.

"Your grace is always right," replied the gentleman. "These gentlemen, if I mistake not, are Englishmen."

"The Count Lilini, grandee of Spain," said the lady, presenting him; "Monsieur Harold Tracy, and Monsieur de Burg."

On hearing the last name, Harry perceived that the count started. Certain it is that he regarded him for an instant with marked attention before returning his bow.

"I must leave you, count," added the duchess, "to entertain these gentlemen, for I perceive my niece and the Countess de Montrenelle."

The doors of the salon were thrown open, and a venerable-looking woman appeared, leaning on the arm of one of the most lovely girls the friends had ever beheld. They had no occasion to ask her name.

It was Marie de Trouville.

"Lord Charles was right," whispered Harold; "she is beautiful." And he turned aside to converse with the Spaniard.

Harry remained with his eyes riveted upon Maria.

Our hero noticed several times that the count appeared to be watching them.

### CHAPTER XXI.

This man has robbed many beasts of their particular addictions; he is valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man in whom nature hath so crowded humors, that his valor is crushed into folly, and his folly sowed with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attain, but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair.—SHAKESPEARE.

HAD the visitors assembled in the stately salon of the Duchess de Rohan been a party of conspirators plotting the overthrow of the state, conversation could not have been carried on in a more subdued tone. There was no straining after effect, no effort to appear brilliant or witty; each guest looked, spoke, and moved as if conscious of being in his proper place; that no one could doubt his or her position, and as a natural consequence, took no trouble to assert or maintain it.

It is the *parvenu* who lives in constant fear of being undervalued.

As the number of visitors increased the company divided into coteries. The most considerable one was gathered round the fauteuil of the mistress of the mansion.

It was an exceedingly dull affair—prosaic as a column of figures waiting to be additioned—and struck the young Englishman as more like an assembly of mourners after a funeral, than one of those sparkling *soirées* they had both read and heard so much of.

They were not far wrong. The *habitués* of the Hotel de Rohan, like its noble owner, were legitimists *de pur sang*—mourners of the past: not that they regretted the fall of the house of Bourbon from any feeling of personal attachment to Charles X. or the princes of his family, but simply because their own influence and political importance fell with it.

"And this is the society," observed Harold Tracy, addressing himself to Harry in English, "which poor Lord Charles so envied us the *entrée*?"

The Conde de Lilini smiled.

"You understand me, Count," added our hero.

"Perfectly," replied the Spaniard, in a slightly foreign accent. "I passed several of the happiest years of my life in England, and have not quite forgotten its language."

"Or the friends you found there, I trust," said the former.

"I have no friends," was the gloomy rejoinder.

The tone in which the words were uttered produced a painful impression on his hearers, for its extreme quietude indicated that utter apathy which arrives only after the storms of feeling and passion have desolated the heart.

"I am one of those men," continued the count, "who have wasted existence by examining the world instead of enjoying it. A naturally restless disposition, influenced, perhaps, by family circumstances, made me a wanderer at a very early age, breaking those ties which constitute alike our weakness and our strength."

"In India I studied civilization in its cradle; in Egypt, in its manhood; in Greece, in its beauty; and in Italy in its decay."

"Ashes! ashes!—everywhere ashes," he murmured, as if perfectly unconscious that any one was near him. "Necessity," re-



sumed the speaker, suddenly recollecting himself—"not the vulgar necessity of poverty; I could have smiled at that—but the imperious one of action compelled me to continue the mode of life caprice begun. When I wished to settle down I found it impossible; change had become the tenure of my existence. The consequence is," he added, "that I am at home, without having a home, in most countries; speak many languages, know many persons—in short like all great travellers, am rich in recollections, but the veriest beggar in friends."

"Sad, very sad!" exclaimed the young man, greatly interested.

"Kismet, as the Turk would say, it is my destiny," replied the Spaniard, with a melancholy smile. "You are about to visit Spain," he added.

"We are," said Harold, somewhat surprised that the duchess should have taken the trouble to inform him of their intention.

"It is a singular country," continued their new acquaintance, "and merits being studied, especially by an Englishman, for its inhabitants differ in ideas, habits, and feelings as widely as possible from their northern neighbors. They are a people apart, and cannot be weighed in the same balance. It requires a long and familiar knowledge to estimate them justly. They have great defects, redeemed by many noble qualities. Scarcely peopled, imperfectly cultivated, and having, by the strange vicissitudes of her political history, retrograded, whilst all the other nations of Europe advanced, Spain is now considerably behind them in civilization—in its vices as well as virtues."

"The struggle which has now all but terminated," observed Harry Burg, "must have enlightened them as to their true interests."

"You mistake," replied the count, gravely; "the struggle has only just commenced. You have taken your opinions, I find, from the press, the organs of the stockjobbers and speculators of London and Paris, who, backed by their respective governments, are the sole supporters of the Christians. How the war may ultimately terminate it is impossible to foresee; but rest assured of one thing, the cause of Don Carlos, up to the present moment, is far from being at as low an ebb as you imagine."

"I confess," said Harold, "I never could comprehend the grounds on which the brother of the late king was excluded from the throne."

"I would explain them to you," answered the Spaniard, "but fear you may suspect my motives, for it is scarcely necessary to avow that my opinions are Carlist."

"We can allow for your predilections," observed our hero.

"Well, then," continued their informant, "to enable you fully to comprehend the position of affairs in my unhappy country, I must remind you that the revolutionary spirit, suppressed for the moment in France by the return of the Bourbons, broke out with redoubled violence in Spain, where the late king soon became a prisoner in the hands of his rebellious subjects. The Duc d'Angoulême, despite the menaces of England, crossed the Pyrenees at the head of an army, and succeeded in restoring his relative to liberty and the exercise of his prerogatives. England avenged herself," he added, "by assisting the Spanish provinces in America to establish their independence; and by this short-sighted policy she rendered them an easy prey to the United States; by which country they must eventually be absorbed—the iron teeth of England having foolishly crumbled the nut for the advantage of her former colonists."

"The Liberals, defeated but not subdued, sought to recover by policy what they had lost by force of arms, and brought about a marriage between Ferdinand and Christina, the issue of which union, as you are aware, are females."

"Although the royalists saw the *coup d'état* that was preparing, and Ferdinand was highly unpopular with them, they considered him as their lawful sovereign; consequently, it was contrary to their opinions to rebel against him in favor of one who was only heir to the crown."

"A few, particularly the chiefs of the army, persuaded that the reigning monarch was rendered imbecile by his malady, and indignant at the secret plotting to deprive his brother of his crown, were for rising immediately, and proclaiming the Infant Don Carlos regent, an event which the strict and positive orders of the prince alone prevented."

"The will of Ferdinand, naming his daughter as his successor, was extorted from him when in a state of imbecility. By some it is even said to be a forgery, although from his unprincipled character it is unnecessary to account for his giving away that which, although his, was never in his gift. It is certain that, when speechless and almost senseless, he was tortured by being driven, literally held upright in his state carriage, through the streets of Madrid, to quiet the populace."

"Don Carlos, you are aware, returned to Portugal, and on the death of Ferdinand, the Infanta Isabella was proclaimed queen, and her mother regent."

"It is a singular picture you have drawn," observed Harold, "and I believe a true one."

At this instant a tall, thin, aristocratic-looking personage, without a single decoration or even a ribbon in his button-hole, a most unusual thing in France, entered the salon, and advanced quietly to the *coin de feu*, where the Duchess de Rohan was seated, to pay his respects to her. He was neither young nor handsome, but his features bore that peculiar impress so rarely seen, but when seen so rarely forgotten—the seal of genius.

"Who is that noble-looking fellow?" inquired both the friends in an undertone.

"I should have felt disappointed if you had not asked me," replied the count; "for he is the most remarkable man in France, her last preux chevalier, her greatest poet and statesman. Chateaubriand, the author of 'Atala,' 'René,' and the 'Génie de Chrétienisme,' the book which Napoleon considered did more to injure his cause than an army could have done. The legitimists call him the Cassandra of the house of Bourbon," added the speaker, "for he foretold its downfall, though unfortunately no one paid attention to his prophecies, till after their fulfilment."

"I have heard my uncle speak of him frequently," said Harold Tracy, gazing on the poet with mingled admiration and respect. "He resided, I believe, several years in England."

"Both as an exile and an ambassador," observed their informant. "I first made his acquaintance in America. He is the most disinterested being I ever encountered. Louis Philippe has made him the most tempting offer; the Queen personally solicited him to accept office, but in vain. Although ill-used by the elder branch, he remains faithful to them in misfortune. On the downfall of Charles the Tenth he resigned not only the pensions to which he was entitled as ex-ambassador and minister of foreign affairs, but returned to the different sovereigns of Europe the princely orders they had bestowed upon him, amongst others the Golden Fleece and the St. Vladimir of Russia."

"Is he wealthy?" asked Harry Burg.

"He lives by his pen," said the Spaniard. "The gentleman he is now conversing with is the Duc de Brisac, formerly chamberlain to Louis the Eighteenth. Shall I present you to them?"

The offer was far too flattering to be declined—both the friends felt that it was something to be enabled to say in after life that they had known Chateaubriand.

The poet received them with that simple grace which puts admiration at its ease in the presence of genius.

"I should have known that you were Englishmen," he observed, after shaking hands with Linini, "without the pleasure of an introduction; there is no mistaking the Saxon type."

The count smiled.

"Unless," added the speaker, "it has become confounded in the more distinctive one of the citizen of the world, which these gentlemen are too young to have acquired."

"And which I should be sorry to acquire," said Harold; "for the impressions made by early associations—scenes—the tie of kindred, and the love of country, almost its recollections, I should think, must be effaced before we can receive the stamp."

Chateaubriand regarded him approvingly.

"Right!" he exclaimed; "the love of country before everything. If my memory is not treacherous," he added, "I had the pleasure of meeting Sir Mordaunt Tracy during my first residence in England,—your father, I presume?"

"My uncle," replied our hero.

"Mr. De Burg and his friend," observed the Comte de Linini, "are about to visit Spain. I have been giving them a rough sketch of the state of public affairs there."

"You will find much to interest you," said the poet; "for it is an error to suppose that Cervantes laughed all her chivalry away. Society in Spain may be divided into two classes—the agricultural and industrial. Her nobility, always excepting those who reside on their estates, far from the contaminating influences of cities, are degenerate and demoralized. Ferocity has replaced their former courage; national honor has dwindled into personal vanity; and their traditional avarice now pierces through without those redeeming traits of magnificence and generosity which were perceptible in the grandeur of the old school. Licentious in manners and morals," he added, "cold-hearted, sordid, and dastardly, they have neither the virtues nor the vices of barbarians. Corruption has destroyed their civilization. This seems a melancholy picture; but those who have mingled with the hidalgos, the higher order of clergy, the commercial classes, the military, and citizens of Spain, will tell you that it is a true one."

"You do not include our peasantry?" observed the Spaniard, biting his lips to conceal his vexation.

"Certainly not," replied the orator. "I allude only to the governing classes. There is a wide difference between them and the immense majority of the nation who live by cultivating the soil. The peasant, happily, is simple, and untainted by the corruption which, for the last century, has enervated the inhabitants of the cities. Independent and high-spirited, isolated from the congregated masses, amongst which all revolutions in manners and ideas, for the better or the worse, so speedily take place, he has remained unchanged, with many defects, no doubt, arising from his southern sky. He is indolent, sometimes cruel; but loyal and trustworthy."

"The character you have drawn resembles that of the Italian," said Harry.

"The Spaniard has less poetry in his composition," answered Chateaubriand, "but more faith. You will soon, however, be enabled to judge for yourself—especially if, after the example of so many of your countrymen, you should take service with them. I know Sarsfield and O'Donnell well."

"They were Irish," observed the former.

"And you are?"

"An Englishman."

"Yet De Burg is an Irish name."

"De Burg certainly is," answered Harry; "but my name is Burg, simply Burg. I am of a north country family, and have no claim to the ennobling particle De, which distinguishes the Clanricards and other descendants of William's Norman captain."

At this avowal the countenance of the Comte changed. He fixed his glance for several instants on the features of the speaker with a sinister expression, smiled, and walked away.

This conduct was so marked that the young man felt both pained and offended.

"Do not notice him," said the poet, lowering his voice. "Poor Linini is not always in his right mind. He is subject to these sudden fits and starts; steadfast as a rock in the principles of honor and friendship, in all things else he is capricious as a girl. In a few moments, probably, he will return to you again, and resume the conversation as if nothing unpleasant had occurred."

The speaker was wrong in his supposition: for during the rest of the evening the Spaniard seemed carefully to avoid the young Englishmen; and when they took their leave of the duchess, turned his back, evidently to avoid saluting them on their departure.

"Strange!" said Harold, as they drove towards the Tuilleries.

"How can we have offended him?"

"Ask, rather, how can I have offended him," replied his friend; "for his insolence—I can characterize it by no milder term—was directed exclusively to me. I have heard of Spanish pride, but this exceeds all I could have imagined. His Castilian blood, I suppose, recoiled at the contact with plain Harry Burg—the 'De' made all the difference."

"I cannot think so," observed Harold.

"How else to account for it," demanded the former. "We never met before. Pshaw! I will think of him no more; and but for one circumstance, would wish to forget my visit to the Hotel de Rohan altogether—my introduction to Chateaubriand."

"And to Marie de Trouville," added our hero. "Confess—were you not fascinated by her beauty?"

"Not more so than by her conversation," replied his friend. "Her voice—a rare thing in a Frenchwoman—is so soft and musical. You remember what our own immortal poet says—

"Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."

As the speaker finished the quotation the carriage drove into the Place de Carrousel. They had reached the Tuilleries.

The contrast between the dimly-lighted, half-filled salon of the Duchess de Rohan and the crowded ones of the Tuilleries was most striking. Women in rich toilettes, sparkling in diamonds, and still more with that peculiar style of beauty which, from the grand dame to the simple grisette, renders the females of Paris so piquante; statesmen, diplomats, courtiers, men of letters, bankers, tradesmen and speculators, decked in the orders of nearly every country in Europe; crowds of military, from the embroidered uniform of the marshal to the worsted epaulette of the National Guard; Englishmen and Americans in their plain black coats, added to the brilliancy or oddity of the scene.

The first impression produced upon the friends was admiration—the worst, perhaps, to commence with, for it is the least lasting. In nine cases out of ten analysis destroys it. The charm which in a picture, statue, or any other work of art grows upon us, is by far the most enduring. The admiration with which nature strikes her worshippers is the only one which never fades.

By a little patient manoeuvring Harold and Harry contrived to take up a position in an angle of the *salle du trône*, where the crowd was greatest, to observe and compare notes at their leisure.

"It is really very magnificent," whispered our hero, after contemplating the ever-changing spectacle for some minutes in silence. His companion looked disappointed at the remark.

"But vulgar," added the speaker; "and very unlike my pre-

conceived notions of the gallantry of the French court. See how the men jostle the ladies—how the attention of the latter is continually engrossed by their *toilette*, which the majority of them are evidently unused to. Legitimacy apart, I can imagine our aristocratic little duchess in the Faubourg St. Germain avoiding a crowd like this."

"I think of the two I prefer her quiet salon, and forty or fifty visitors assembled there," observed Harry. "Her receptions resemble an exquisitely-finished cabinet picture by one of the glorious old Dutch or Flemish masters: a ball at the Tuilleries a gaudy, theatrical scene, in which vermillion and tinsel have been unsparingly used."

Here Lord Charles Murray, who had recognised them, with some difficulty made his way to where the speakers were standing. His features were exceedingly flushed.

"Have you been dancing?" inquired Harold.

"Dancing!" repeated his lordship, in a tone of comic distress. "You must be either exceedingly naive, my dear fellow, or wickedly satirical, to ask such a question. None but the National Guards, the wives of the deputies, or the ladies of the Hebrew persuasion, whose husbands are mighty upon 'Change, ever think of dancing at the Tuilleries now."

"Do they never dance at court?" inquired Harry.

"Do you call this a court?" demanded the attaché, who took no trouble to conceal that his sympathies were with the exiled family, in a tone of impatience. "The only court left in France is the one you have just quitted. I have seen the ambassadress to her carriage," he added; "no easy task in such a crowd. Etiquette required that she should show herself, and etiquette—"

"Chains your lordship here," observed our hero.

"Exactly," replied the young diplomat. "After all, the sight is worth seeing, for once. Wait till the supper-rooms are thrown open, you will witness a scramble and a rush worthy of Greenwich Fair on an Easter Monday."

Further conversation was broken off by a loud buzz, which announced the approach of the citizen king, who, preceded by two chamberlains, entered the *salle du trône*, with the queen upon his arm, followed by his sister, Madame Adelaide, and the rest of the royal family.

It was no easy task for Louis Philippe, who advanced perspiring at every pore from the excessive heat of the rooms, and bowing graciously to the right and the left, to make his way through the throng, who to do them justice did try to form something like a line for him and his family to pass through; but it was broken at almost every point by the pressure of the vulgar curious, determined to have their stare at them.

Her Majesty tried hard to look pleased, but the effort was too apparent. As for the princes and princesses, they did not attempt to disguise how ill at ease they felt.

"The monarchy of the *barrières en famille*," observed Lord Charles, drily.

"Who is that elderly lady on the arm of the Duc d'Orléans?" inquired Harry Burg.

"His aunt, Madame Adelaide," replied the attaché; "the good or evil genius of her house, as the result of her ambitious scheming shall decide. Brother and sister are alike worthy pupils of their father's mistress, Madame de Genlis."

"Is it possible," exclaimed Harold, "that the woman whose writings so charmed my boyhood was the mistress of the wretched Philippe Egalité?"

"Old as the hills, my dear fellow," said his lordship. "Everyone in France knows it to have been the case. Where can you have lived all these years?"

"In the country," answered our hero, innocently.

"Evidently," observed his informant, with a smile.

As soon as the royal family had withdrawn, the supper-rooms were thrown open, when a scene ensued which beggars all description. The official and more distinguished personages, who had been forced to attend, quitted the Tuilleries as speedily as possible, leaving the motley assembly to scramble and fight for the good things with which the buffets were loaded—stock-jobbers stretching their arms over the shoulders of the ladies, demanding champagne; officers, and even privates, of the National Guard, pushing to make room for their wives and sisters; whilst those who were not near enough to be served, called to their more fortunate companions to assist them.

"What confusion!" observed Harold. "Are we really at court?"

"Royalty in masquerade," replied his friend.

"The servants at least are quiet, well appointed, and numerous," added Harry, struck by the numerous array of valets in splendid liveries, who seemed never to tire in assisting the company.

"Police," whispered Lord Charles.

The friends regarded him with astonishment mingled with incredulity.

"Fact," said the attaché, "and one that is well known in Paris. The loss of plate, at the first three or four balls given by Louis Philippe after his accession—I suppose I must term it—was so considerable, that he has ever since had the tables watched, and served by agents of police in his livery. Clever device, is it not? You appear surprised. Have you never heard the spiritual reply of the Duchesse de Grammont, when forced to appear at court?"

"Never!" answered Harold.

"How should you," continued the attaché, as you say you lived in the country. Her grace made answer that she declined visiting where it was found necessary to search the guests on their departure."

"From all of which we are to understand," said Harry, "that Louis Philippe—"

"Is a monarch without a court. He has filched the crown of France, but dares not wear it. He was much happier and infinitely more respectable as Duc d'Orléans. Should his dynasty maintain itself—which I doubt—his great grandson, perhaps, may venture to act the king. The present man holds the throne in deposit, for it can scarcely be called possession."

"He is rich, is he not?" inquired Harold.

"As Croesus," replied his new friend. "He had a large share in the indemnity of a milliard granted to the emigrants at the restoration. The fortune of the Prince de Condé has added considerably to his wealth; and since he has been king he has invariably insisted on the civil list being paid in gold by the treasury."

"Why in gold?"

"Ask the money-changers of Paris, who pay him a premium of three halfpence or two pence on each piece," was the reply. "Then he has the telegraph at his command."

"You do not mean to assert that he speculates on the Bourse?" exclaimed Harry Burg.

"Speculates!" repeated Lord Charles; "certainly not; for speculation implies risk, which Louis Philippe is too prudent to run. His game is a certain one. Earliest intelligence! You comprehend? *Le roi modèle—le bon père de famille*, as the English newspapers love to call him, is too affectionate a parent to neglect the means of providing for his children which the revolution has placed in his hand."

"The comedy, I perceive, is nearly over," added the speaker, looking round him; "let us quit the theatre and avoid the crush of the mob."

Following Lord Charles, who appeared perfectly acquainted with the *locale*, the friends contrived to reach their carriage in the Cour d'Honneur, before the general rush.

(To be continued.)



THE Missouri Synod of the Lutheran Church has recently been debating and praying over the question, whether the Sacramental bread should be broken or cut with a knife, and finally decided that it must be cut by the minister into small pieces. The question whether it should be *rare or well done* is not yet decided.

"Come here, my little Eddy," said a gentleman to a youngster of seven years of age, while sitting in the parlor where a company was assembled; "do you know me?" "Yes, sir, I think I do." "Who am I, then, let me hear?" "You are the man who kissed sister Angeline last night in the parlor." Angeline fainted.

A land speculator out west, in defending his "tract" against the charge of insalubrity, declared that it was so healthy "around there," and so difficult for folks to die, that the inhabitants had to draw their last breath with a corkscrew.

A celebrated poet at one time advertised that he would supply "lines for any occasion." A fisherman sought him shortly after, and wanted "a line strong enough to catch a porpoise."



MISS GEORGINA AMELIA, "FORFEITING" HER HANDKERCHIEF, HAS BEEN SENTENCED "TO SIT ON AN OTTOMAN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM, NOT TO LEAVE IT UNTIL KISSED BY THE GENTLEMAN SHE LOVES BEST."

#### A CORNER FOR THE CURIOUS.

##### GOLD MASK FROM THE BANKS OF THE EUPHRATES.

A SHORT time ago the following appeared in the pages of a London paper:

"MUMMY OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR.—It is stated that Colonel Rawlinson, who is at present engaged in prosecuting the discoveries commenced by Layard and Botta, and in exhuming from the mounds of the long-lost rival cities, Nineveh and Babylon, the instructive remains of this once gigantic power, has lately discovered in a state of perfect preservation what is believed to be the mummy of Nebuchadnezzar. The face of the rebellious monarch of Babylon, covered by one of those gold masks usually found in Assyrian tombs, is described as very handsome—the forehead high and commanding, the features marked and regular. This interesting relic of remote antiquity is for the present preserved in the Museum of the East India Company. Of all the mighty empires which have left a lasting impression on the memory, none has so completely perished as that of Assyria. More than two thousand years have gone by since the two 'great cities,' renowned for their strength, their luxury, and their magnificence, have crumbled into dust, leaving no visible trace of their existence, their very sites forgotten."

An artist was forthwith despatched to the East India House, London, to make a sketch of so interesting a curiosity, and on reaching that far-famed institution, where there is stored a library and museum of great value and interest, the intelligent gentlemen having charge of this department produced the gold mask, which is shown in the engraving; and which, although it cannot be traced to the great eastern king and conqueror, has great value as a relic of an ancient and celebrated people. This mask of thin gold, which has covered the countenance of some person of distinction, was found in a tomb by the officers of the Euphrates expedition at Direhjik. In this district, which bears out so wonderfully the truths of Scripture prophecy, numerous tombs built with slabs of stone have been met with, which, Mr. Layard thinks, are not of older date than the Greek occupation of Assyria and Babylonia. Mr. Vice-Consul Rasson has discovered at Konzunjik some tombs of this description, which are apparently of even a later date than the above, for in one was found a gold coin of the Emperor Maximinus, and in another was a thin gold mask similar to the example engraved.

Coffins or sarcophagi of wood and glazed earthenware are also met with. Some of these earthen coffins are ornamented and colored with a greenish blue glaze, similar to the pottery and bricks from the ruins of Babylon. In most instances, the clay



GOLD MASK FROM THE BANKS OF THE EUPHRATES.

has been slightly baked. Human remains, more or less perfect, were found in all these sepulchres; together with a few beads and engraved gems; but in those dug up by Mr. Layard at Miffa there were no ornaments of gold or silver. In similar coffins found in ruins in Southern Mesopotamia, objects of great value have been met with. The Arab tribes encamping about Wurka and other great mounds, search in the loose gravel with their spears for coffins. Gold and silver ornaments, which have been buried in these graves for centuries, are worn by the Arab women of the present day; and many a rare object from these graves is sold and melted by the goldsmiths of the East. The Arabs mention the discovery, by some fortunate shepherd, of royal tombs, in which were crowns and sceptres of solid gold.

It is curious to contrast these deserted regions with their condition when the Babylonians and Assyrians carried on a considerable trade with India, and the costly produce of that peninsula was conveyed through the Babylonian territories to the most distant parts of Syria, from whence it was diffused over Western Europe and Asia Minor. On those spots, which are mere ruined heaps, the weaver at his loom wrought the costliest fabrics, and the workmen in gold, silver, iron, &c., plied their cunning crafts.

Mr. Layard tells us that he has met with no tombs which can, with certainty, be attributed to the Assyrians; but says the analogy between them and the Persians was in other respects so evident, that the funeral ceremonies of each were probably similar. The body may have been enclosed in a coffin filled with honey, wax, or oil. Eliahu, who alludes to the opening of the tomb of Belus, says that the body was found in a coffin filled nearly to the brim with oil.

On the opening of these ancient coffins, the fragments of humanity found in them rapidly crumble into dust, leaving nothing but the portions of metal work, &c., remaining. Two masks of gold found near Nimroud, (it is uncertain in which palace,) in wooden coffins, are somewhat similar to the engraving. These are supposed to be Parthian, and are preserved in the British Museum.

#### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

An upright is always easier than a stooping posture, because it is more natural and one part is better supported by another; so it is easier to be an honest man than a knave. It is also more graceful.

The future is always fairy land to the young. Life is like a beautiful and winding lane, on either side bright flowers, and beautiful butterflies, and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste; so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still. But, by degrees, as we advance, the trees grow bleak; the flowers and butterflies fail, the fruits disappear, and we find we have arrived to reach a desert waste; in the centre, a stagnant and lethean lake, over which wheel and shriek the dark-winged birds, the embodied memories of the past.

A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's riper years, and the heart of him who has grown cold in chilly contact with the world will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment, as some accidental awakens within him the soft tones, the glad melodies of a sister's voice—and he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy had reasoned into expediency, and even weep for the gentle influences which moved him in his earliest years.

The attention of a beautiful little girl being called to a rose-bush, on whose topmost stem the eldest rose was fading, but below and around which three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, she artlessly exclaimed to her brother, "See, Willie, these little buds have just awakened to kiss their mother before she dies."

OLD MEN.—A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move or breathe he will be doing something for himself, or his neighbor, or for posterity. Almost to the last hours of his life Washington was at work. So were Franklin, and Adams, and Young, and Howard, and Newton. The vigor of their lives was not decayed. No rust marred their spirits. It is a foolish idea to suppose that we must lie down and die because we are old. Who is old? Not the man of energy; not the day laborer in science, art or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the spring of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom. There are scores of grey-headed men we should prefer in any important enterprise, to those young gentlemen who fear and tremble at approaching shadows, and turn pale at a lion in their path, a harsh word or a frown.

"A gentleman," said an accomplished lady, "is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

AN Albany editor has the following advertisement: "Wanted, an able-bodied man to hold my wife's tongue—she and I being unable to keep it quiet. Constant employment given."

Out of a hundred bonnets that were sold last week at Brighton, it has been ascertained that more than ninety were supplied to ladies who had gone in just to choose a bit of ribbon.

An Irishman describing the trading powers of the genuine Yankee, said: "If he was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up the next mornin' and go around sellin' maps to the inhabitants."

A pious old gentleman told his sons not to go, under any circumstances, a fishing on the Sabbath; but if they did, by all means to bring home the fish.

Blessed are those who are afraid of thunder—for they shall hesitate about getting married, and keep away from political meetings.

The Buenos Ayreans are suffering from the incursions of warlike Indians, whom they dare not attack, because their

soldiers are unaccustomed to the use of fire-arms!

An upholsterer in Ohio advertises beds "as luxurious as the lascivious undulations of a ballet dancer."

A printer out west, whose first son happened to be a very short, chubby little fellow, named him Brevier Full-faced Jones.

A western editor, having heard that to persons in a drowning condition all the events of their past life suddenly rise vividly before them, modestly expresses a wish that some of his delinquent subscribers would take to bathing in deep water.

Say what you will, a marriage by advertisement, after all, must be the union of two "corresponding" minds.

OUTRAGEOUS.—A wretch of a husband and father writes thus to an editor in Providence, R. I.: "If women were turned out of doors in Kansas, with no more clothes on than my wife and daughters wore when they went to a party, one cold night last week, it would have been an 'outrage,' and the Journal would have had two leaders about it."

Not long since a youth, older in wit than years, after being catechised concerning the power of God, replied: "Ma, I think there's one thing God can't do."

"What is it?" eagerly inquired his mother.

"God can't make Bill Jones' mouth any bigger without setting his ears back."

"I shan't be with you a great while, Jane," said Mr. Melter, "I shan't stay here a great while."

"Oh, Mr. Melter, how can you talk so?" said Mrs. Melter, with a lugubrious expression of her face.

"Because," said he, "I feel as if I was most gone, and that I was just a passing cloud before the rising sun."

Mr. Melter verified his prophecy the next day, by running away with a good and sympathizing sister.

A young lady, returning late from the opera, as it was raining, ordered the coachman to drive close to the sidewalk, but was still unable to step across the gutter.

"I can lift you over it," said coachy.

"Oh, no," said the sweet miss, "I am too heavy."

"Lor, miss," replied John, "I am used to lifting barrels of sugar."



MR. FITZBOOZLE HAVING LEFT HIS WIFE IN THE BALL-ROOM UNTIL HE COULD FURNISH HIMSELF WITH A "LITTLE REFRESHMENT," DECIDES, AFTER CONSIDERABLE SPECULATION, THAT "HE IS ALL RIGHT."



**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

**ENGLISH AGENCY.**—Subscriptions received by Trübner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**BROADWAY THEATRE.**—E. A. MARSHALL, SOLE LESSEE.

A grand combination of  
TRAGEDY,  
with the celebrated American Tragedian, Mr. E. FORREST.  
FRIDAY, Jan. 30.—TIGHT ROPE, VIVANDIERE, THREE GLADIATORS, and JOCKO, the BRAZILIAN APE, by the Gabriel and François Ravel and Martinetti Family Troupe.  
SATURDAY, Jan. 31.—RICHARD THE THIRD.  
Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle and Upper Tier, 25 cents; Private Boxes \$5 and \$6.

**WALLACK'S THEATRE.**—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSEE.

The old favorites together again:  
Mr. LESTER, Mr. WALCOT, Mr. DYOTT.  
On Friday, 30th of Jan., and Saturday, 31st, Miss MATILDA HERON will appear in her great part of  
"CAMILLE."  
Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Upper Tier, 25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, \$1.

**LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE,** 622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET.

MISS LAURA KEENE, SOLE LESSEE AND DIRECTRESS.  
FRIDAY, Jan. 30.—CURIOUS CASE, RACHEL THE REAPER, and CONTENTMENT vs. RICHES.  
MONDAY, Feb. 2.—MARY'S BIRTHDAY, and LITTLE TODDLEKINS.  
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra seats, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$6.

**BOWERY THEATRE.**—LESSEE & MANAGER, MR. BROUGHAM.

Mr. and Mrs. JOHN BROUGHAM, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. DAVENPORT, and all the great Company.  
FRIDAY, Jan. 30.—LOVE AND MURDER, ONDINE, and the TWO BUZZARDS.  
SATURDAY, Jan. 31.—GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW, and ONDINE.  
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, 50 cents; Boxes, 25 cents; Pit and Gallery, 12½ cents; Private Boxes, \$5.  
Doors open at Seven; to commence at half-past Seven.

**ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—FOURTEENTH STREET.—ITALIAN OPERA.

Nights of performance, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY.  
SIGNORINA TERESA PAROIN.  
MADAME DE WILHORST.  
Signorina Amalia Strakosch, Mme. D'Ormy. Signori Tiberini, Arnoldi, Bernardi, Barilli, Morino.  
Under the direction of MAURICE STRAKOSCH.

**THALBERG'S FAREWELL CONCERTS.**—NIBLO'S SALOON.

Mr. Thalberg, previous to his departure for the West in March, and Europe in May next, will give a series of Farewell Concerts.  
The first of these Farewell Concerts will be given on  
MONDAY, Feb. 16, at NIBLO'S SALOON.

## A GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE!

We have in the hands of our best artists a Four Page Engraving representing

**GENERAL WAYNE'S ASSAULT ON STONY POINT.**

This picture, which will be in many respects the finest thing of the kind ever produced in this country, is from a design by I. McNEVIN, Esq., who is at present engaged in illustrating Irving's Life of Washington, for Putnam, and Griswold's Life of Washington, for George Virtue and Co., of London; the subject being selected by the distinguished artist as affording the finest opportunity for a thrilling battle sketch of any incident of the Revolution. The moment selected is when the "Mad Anthony," struck down by a musket ball, and supposed to be mortally wounded, ordered his aids to carry him into the assaulted works at the head of his storming column. The Americans are seen pressing on from both sides of the British works, the veteran troops of England instinctively rallying, but to be borne down and conquered by the irresistible spirit of American bravery.

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 31, 1857.

## THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

MR. CRITTENDEN is now the "father" of the Senate, being the oldest member of that body; he first took his seat on the 4th of March, 1817, and has occupied it from time to time for eighteen years. The Hon. James A. Pearce of Maryland is next in the order of seniority, his services dating from the 3d of March, 1843. He is now in his third term. The Hon. Lewis Cass commenced with 4th March, 1845, and resigned in 1848, when nominated for the Presidency. He is in his second term, which will be closed on the 3d of March, 1857. None of the other Senators now in service date back farther than 3d March, 1845. The seniors stand thus: Mr. Bright of Indiana, 4th March, 1845; Mr. Yule of Florida, July 21st, 1846; Messrs. Rusk and Houston, of Texas, February 21st, 1846; James Mason of Virginia, January 25th, 1847; Mr. Hunter, 4th March, 1847; Mr. Hale of New Hampshire, 4th March, 1847; Mr. Douglas of Illinois, 4th March, 1847; Mr. Fitzpatrick of Alabama, December 11th, 1848; Mr. Seward of New York, 4th March, 1849. The Senate exhibits more than the usual number of comparatively new Senators, but most of them have had legislative experience in other public bodies. The Senators elect for the next Congress are, we believe, without exception "new men," although of reputation in the several States. Mr. Cass's senatorial career closes with the present Congress. It is very evident, that so far as great ability is concerned, the United States Senate has ceased to be "the most dignified body in the world;" it has become merely one of the respectable legislative bodies connected with the complex machinery of our government.

## NICARAGUA AND GENERAL WALKER.

IN spite of the determination on the part of certain influential presses to destroy Walker and exaggerate his misfortunes, he still maintains his position, and is at last drawing unwilling praise from those not heretofore disposed to believe he was a man of successful destiny. The cloud that of late has seemed to settle upon his position breaks away whenever any truthful news reaches us of his movements, and of the brave men who are fighting with him, and shedding their blood and sacrificing their lives to establish a progressive government in Central America. We have no mawkish sympathy with any semi-barbarians, whether they live on this continent, China or Japan. The only way to purify and enlighten such people is with powder and ball: they are the great corrective and reformatory measures of the age. Walker has done more for Nicaragua, for its real independence and final success as an independent country, than could have been accomplished by the ordinary "moral suasion means" in a century. With these general remarks, and with the gratulatory chuckle that we have believed in Walker from the time he landed on his present field of action until the present hour, we transfer the following excellent remarks from the *Daily Times*, a paper, by the way, not of proclivities to be enthusiastic over filibusters unless they particularly deserve it, and have qualities that command admiration in spite of prejudices:

"We begin to have faith in Walker. Whatever may be said against him, there cannot be two opinions as to his courage, perseverance and indomitable energy. He is not the man to be easily cowed or subdued by the swarms of Costa Ricans and Guatemalans who surround him, but are afraid to meet him at sword's point. Desperately straightened as Walker has been for men and means—with the whole of Central America arrayed against him and his handful of filibusters—he has yet to show the first symptom of flinching, the first sign of unsteadiness of purpose, the first indication that he does not firmly believe in ultimate success. These are qualities which, right or wrong, will command the admiration of mankind. They are qualities by which the possessor carves out his own destiny and shapes his own course. Walker, under adversity, approaches the hero, or nearer to that creation than we have ever seen him before. Nor are we surprised that people, involuntarily, forget his offences and shortcomings while witnessing the determined courage and perseverance with which, foot by foot, he contends against tremendous odds. Such a man will weary out an enemy if he does not reach success by a shorter route. Everything seems to fight against him—his enemies have men, money, ammunition, Minié rifles and Paixhan guns—and yet there he is still on Nicaraguan soil, unmoved and immovable. He has some twelve hundred effective fellows about him, devoted to him personally, and to the cause, good or bad, upon which they have all embarked. They may possibly be starved to death; they may possibly be killed to the last soldier; but they are not going to yield. Are Costa Ricans, Guatemalans or Salvadoreans likely to exterminate such men? We think it highly improbable. They are not made of the right stuff; and if they had not been backed up by unseen powers, they would probably have abandoned the attempt before now. The position of General Walker, by latest accounts, was tolerably secure. His enemies do not seem to relish the idea of attacking him personally. They have had enough of that. They prefer, if possible, to cut off his resources and starve him out. On the 3d inst. the General was at Rivas with a force of thirteen hundred effective men, and with plenty of clothing, food and ammunition. He had, in all, nine pieces of artillery, including two howitzers and five mortars. He had received provisions from New Orleans and by the Sierra Nevada, from San Francisco; and, being well entrenched and fortified in Rivas and secure against surprise, it is believed that, without further assistance, he can hold out for four months against any force that could be brought against the town. The General is reported to be in good health and spirits, and, as usual, sanguine of success. Now, if any one would like to know what these thirteen hundred men can do, let him read Gen. Henningsen's official report of the evacuation and destruction of Granada. That officer had only one hundred men under his command, and though surrounded by ten times this number, and cut off from all assistance, he was not vanquished, and would scarcely have required relief if famine had not proved a fiercer enemy than Costa Rican bayonets. Besides the force under General Walker's immediate supervision, Colonel Lockbridge has three hundred men at Punta Arenas, who are waiting for the completion of a steamer to go up the river and retake Castillo and San Carlos from the Costa Ricans."

## THE CITY GUARD BALL.

ON Thursday evening, the 22nd of January, the City Guard gave a splendid ball at the Academy of Music. We believe that affairs of this kind, got up under the management of the City Guard, form eras in the history of fashionable amusements—times from which the ton date events. Everything passed off to the entire satisfaction of the large number of ladies and gentlemen present, not the slightest thing occurring to mar the festivities of the evening. The music was superb, and the floor management perfect. From the second tier of boxes, which, by the way, was crowded with elegantly dressed ladies, the scene presented below was superb in the extreme; we have never witnessed a more imposing effect, a multitude where grace and beauty seemed to be more perfectly in the ascendant. In justice to the parties more particularly entrusted with administrative power, we give the names of the gentlemen of the principal committees:

Reception—Captain N. La Bau, Lieut. E. L. Stone, Surgeon F. W. Fisher, Lieut. J. C. Pollard, Paymaster A. Henriques, Privates G. Brady, C. M. Shons, W. L. Proch, W. B. Whitman, J. S. Smith, W. De Laman.

Floor—Lieut. W. H. Hallich, Lieut. T. C. De Luce, Qr. Mr. H. L. Stevens, Orderly T. Edmonds jr., Sergeant J. S. Smith, Privates Molyneux Bell, G. G. Mitchell, A. G. Wallace, A. L. Squire, J. Martine, W. H. Mellor.

THE Battle of the Barges, which we publish in our first page, with the addition of most spirited illustrations, was originally contributed to the *Boston Traveller* by a literary gentleman residing in Accomac County, Virginia. Traditions are still vivid among the old settlers of the thirteen States, relating to the Revolution, which should be written out, and made immortal through the instrumentality of the press. There is an unwritten history of the Revolution, as thrilling as that which has already appeared in books.

It is now admitted that the expenses of governing New York city are greater than that paid by any other people in the world. In three or four years the taxes have doubled, until the aggregate cost is about one hundred dollars for every voter in the corporation limits. The poor tax-ridden denizen groans and growls, and yet allows the robbery and extravagance to go on. The attempt to benefit things at Albany, by giving this city a new charter, will not work, for the proposed reforms are to be effected by unconstitutional means. The true remedy is already in the hands of the voters—so long as they choose to let corrupt men stuff the ballot boxes, so long as they will aid by direct voting or indifference to place dishonest people in power—so long as they will waste their energies in a multiplicity of candidates—so long, in fact, as they are practically indifferent to reforms, so long must they—and we—groan, sweat and toil to support the corruptants who have charge of the city treasury, and of the life and limbs of our good people; we repeat that all needful reform is in the power of the people, at each municipal election day—and no where else.

THE love stories of the Japanese exhibit, as one might suppose, the fact, that affairs of the heart are the same everywhere, only modified by the accidental circumstances of civilization. The "Folding Screen," which will be found in another place, is a genuine tale, and affords an amusing view of the inner life of these curious people. The illustrations are hardly up to our standard, but they are much superior to the same character of work among the Chinese, as the likenesses of the characters are well preserved in both pictures.

DERANGEMENT OF THE MAILS.—Perhaps at no time in the history of our city has the derangement of the mails been more complete. The business of our merchants and others have been, in many cases, almost suspended, for want of the receipt of the "usual correspondence." This is partly to be attributed to the "weather," but much is due to the indifference of mail contractors, who have ceased to feel that there is any real responsibility attached to their office, and that, do what they may, they will get their money at the end of "each quarter." To this inefficiency in the Post Office department is to be ascribed much of the continued derangement of the mails.

GREEN TEAS.—Rev. Dr. Wentworth says, in a long letter from Few Chau, China, published in the *Missionary Advocate* for January: "Several American ships are lying in port, awaiting the arrival of green teas. The English, who love the leaf unadulterated, have taken the first cargoes of the season, and sped homeward with them. The Americans are green enough to prefer an infusion of Prussian blue, rendering that article so scarce and high in the vicinity of the 'green teas,' that the natives can hardly afford to use it on the venetians of their verandahs. If some hundreds of good ladies, who go with their heads tightly bandaged a day or two in each week with sick headache, and whose only remedy is 'green teas,' would abandon the use of 'green tea' altogether, they would find in the remedy itself the source of the disease."

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.—A late number of the London Athenæum says, "that the correspondent of a Florentine literary paper, the *Spettatore*, writes from Pinerolo, in the once famous fortress of which little town the man in the iron mask passed eleven years of his mysterious imprisonment, that the long kept secret of his name and fate has at length been penetrated. Signor Mussi, the learned and indefatigable historian has, he says, in the course of his researches among the archives of the town, met with a document which affords the long sought information. The facts discovered by Signor Mussi are declared to rest on unmistakable and irrefutable evidence, and he only waits to gratify the curiosity of the world, until he shall have succeeded in finding a publisher willing to purchase the manuscript in which he has narrated his discovery." The Man in the Iron Mask, it will be recollected, (says the *Boston Traveller*) was afterwards long confined in the Bastille, where he died about 1700. Many attempts have been made to solve the secret, some writers assuming that he was a twin brother of Louis XIV., others that he was an ambassador who had offended him; but all these attempts, like those respecting the authorship of Junius' letters, have hitherto been unsuccessful.

WHICH "MR. SMITH?"—A domestic bombshell has recently scattered discord, if not desolation, about quiet firesides of the many families rejoicing in the name of Smith, in Birmingham, England. An advertisement appeared two days successively in the *Birmingham Journal*, addressed to "Mr. Smith, Birmingham," and calling upon that individual to "pay the amount left due by him at the Opéra Hotel, Bow street, Covent Garden," accompanied by the significant hint, that if it were not done, speedy retribution would follow. This advertisement will be repeated, and "further particulars given of the transaction." The "further particulars" evidently implied "a lady in the case," and, as every individual of the hundred "Mr. Smiths of Birmingham" is a business man, and in the habit of frequently travelling up to London on "urgent business, my dear!" at least one hundred Mrs. Smiths of Birmingham were made first suspicious and then miserable. No less than twelve Mr. Smiths wrote to settle the account rather than be worried; and four called in person two days after the advertisement; but the "right Mr. Smith" had remitted by the way of post, and the "initial" of Mr. Smith of Birmingham still remains a painful but inscrutable mystery.

THE Maverick House, in East Boston, occupied as a hotel and for stores, was partly destroyed by fire on Monday, the 26th inst. The loss is \$30,000.



## OUTLINES OF POPULAR SCIENCE.

It will be remembered that in our last report of Professor Faraday's lectures we arrived at the following conclusions:

1. Burnable or combustible bodies only burn when they are heated to a certain extent in contact with a supporter of combustion.
2. That different combustibles require supporters of combustion to be brought into contact with them in different ways.
3. That, so far as our experiments went, the only supporter of combustion was a certain something which exists in atmospheric air as a gas, and in chlorate and nitrate of potash as a solid, but which, when got out by heat, was also a gas.

We did not designate this something, whatever it may be—did not introduce it by name, but left it as a sort of mysterious yet very interesting stranger. This certain something—the *virtue of atmospheric air*, is oxygen gas.

Oxygen gas is a substance (for chemists denominate gases substances) of very remarkable qualities, as you have seen—at least some of them; but it has thousands of other remarkable qualities, which cannot even be alluded to here. Its importance will be rendered evident when we consider that at least three-fourths of the earth and its inhabitants are composed of oxygen gas: a flint-stone contains about half by weight of this remarkable body, the atmosphere one-fifth by measure, water eight-ninths by weight; and so we might go on demonstrating the universal existence of oxygen.

And now with regard to the name oxygen. It means the "acid-former," because it was believed at one period to be the universal acidifying principle. This, however, is a mistake; there are many acids quite devoid of oxygen. For instance, the very powerful acid termed hydrochloric-muriatic, or spirit of salt, contains no oxygen. Prussic acid is another, and numerous others might be mentioned. Hence the impropriety, when new chemical substances are discovered, of giving them names in accordance with their presumed qualities, or in accordance with a knowledge of such only as are known to be possessed at the time of their discovery.

"Now the first thing I shall tell you respecting oxygen," remarked Professor Faraday, "and which I hope you will remember, is that oxygen is a simple body. Don't think it difficult, and take fright at the name. Nothing can be more easy to understand. A simple body is that out of which no other body can be got; hence it is called simple."

"Now I cannot get any other body out of oxygen, let me try as I will, which is not the case with many other bodies. For instance—when I put some chlorate of potash into a mortar, and applied heat to it, did you not see that I got oxygen out of it? and is not clear, therefore, that chlorate of potash cannot be a simple body? In this way some bodies are wonderfully compounded, being united together by a power called chemical affinity, or chemical force. Thus, for instance, as regards this very chlorate, don't imagine that I can only get oxygen out of it. By varying the treatment, I can extract another gas—not colorless, like oxygen gas, not devoid of color, but greenish-yellow in color, and very pungent. Nay, even then the chlorate contains yet another substance—the curious metal potassium, which you saw me set on fire by touching it with water. I cannot get the potassium out in this rough way of experimenting during the progress of a lecture; but it is there. I am sure you will take my word for this, as you will have to take it for very many things before we part."

"I can, however, get out the yellow gas, as we shall see." So to get out the yellow gas, Professor Faraday did as follows. Let the young experimentalist do exactly as we bid him, and he will be sure to succeed.

Take the chlorate, from which all the oxygen gas has been expelled—mind that—and be sure that all the oxygen has been expelled; it will be as well to break the retort, remove the contents, now solid, into an iron spoon; put the spoon into a fire and fuse the contents well. If these directions be not absolutely attended to, an explosion, which we by no means bargain for, may hereafter arise. Well, now take the contents of the iron spoon, cold, of course, mix them intimately with an equal bulk of black oxide of manganese. Put them into a similar retort to the first, and pour in upon them by means of a glass tube with a funnel mouth, (see Fig. 12), just enough oil of vitriol to make all into a paste. See, too, that the oil of vitriol becomes perfectly well mixed with the powder; if not, when you come to apply heat to the mixture, as you must, the retort will break, and the experiment will be ruined. This mixture can be thoroughly effected by well shaking the retort.

Quickly now arrange a bottle in a wash-basin, as for the collection of oxygen; indeed, if the arrangement have been made in advance, all the better. Those of our readers who choose to be luxurious, (and the luxury, after all, is not a very expensive one,) may use instead of the wash-basin a special contrivance called the pneumatic trough, which consists of a trough of water, supplied with a shelf, thus (see Fig. 13). We will not insult the understandings of our young readers by describing the uses of such a trough. It presents many advantages over the wash-basin, not the least being that several bottles may be arranged, filled with water, and ready to be filled with gas at the same time.

At any rate, whatever be the apparatus employed, care must be taken that no chlorine escape, for it is a very irritating gas when breathed. Therefore, now arrange the retort as before, apply some live coals or a spirit-lamp flame—(very slight heat is requisite this time)—and collect the gas. The first bottle-full will not be pure, but mixed with atmospheric air; all the others will be pure. Each of the bottles may be closed with a glass plate laid flat upon its mouth, or if the chlorine have to be kept any long time, the bottle should be closed, each with its own ground glass-stopper.

Even so simple an operation as the closing of a bottle of chlorine with a ground glass-stopper, must not be passed over without fuller directions. Success in chemical operations, in great measure, depends upon little details—and there is a little detail here, or rather there are two little details—without the observance of both which our operation of collecting and retaining chlorine for future use will go wrong. In the first place, both the necks of each collecting bottle, and the ground part of the stoppers, should be well smeared with stiff pomatum before the bottles are placed in the pneumatic trough for the purpose of being filled; in the second place, each bottle should be filled quite full of gas; that is to say, no water should be allowed to remain. If either of the foregoing precautions be neglected, then the stopper of the chlorine bottle will become so fixed, that in all probability it can never be removed. We won't go out of our way just now to show why this is; the young chemist may bear the fact in mind, and try to find an explanation without being told. Sometimes it is all the better that questions are not solved at once, because reasoning is stimulated, and the reflective faculty brought into play. One word more: do what we will, it is quite impossible so to collect chlorine over a water-trough without wetting the interior of each collecting bottle; no portion of water may be then capable of falling out when the bottle is inverted and the stopper removed, it is true—but some there must be; hence, in order to prevent the accident of fixation of the stopper just alluded to, the bottle of chlorine should be retained in a dark place, inasmuch as the injurious action of the prolonged contact of water with this gas is only exercised under the influence of light. Hence it is usual for many operators to retain chlorine in black or deep blue bottles.

Let the young chemist now procure a little bottle full of sulphate of indigo, as it is called; another little bottle full of tincture of litmus, another of tincture of turmeric; all these substances will be frequently had recourse to hereafter. Let him now make two respective solutions of these with water; common water will do, though, if distilled water be present, it should be used by preference.

As to the exact strength of these solutions, it matters not; our object is to tinge water distinctly with each of the substances. Having made the three solutions, it is required, before we can be in a position to follow Professor Faraday in his demonstration, that thin glass tubes or small jars may be each filled respectively with one of the solutions, and inverted in a basin (a finger-glass will do) containing the same, thus (Fig. 14).

For the purpose of rendering the arrangement more obvious, we have sacrificed all pictorial effect, and represented our apparatus in section. First of all comes the bent sectional line (d), which stands for the finger-glass, then comes the line (e), which represents a small strip of tin plate with a hole at b; and c represents a glass tube, or jar, the edge of which is represented as bending outwards in a shelf-like form, for the purpose of enabling it to stand; although it need scarcely be indicated that a simpler form of tube, or jar, without this shelved-mouth, might be made to stand upright by means of a support. The kind of support we leave altogether to the ingenuity of our readers. It is quite evident that the finger-glass, as thus arranged, constitutes a small pneumatic trough; an arrangement, by the way, of the most frequent occurrence in the prosecution of chemical experiments.

Does it occur to our reader how to fill with water such a tube as this, and to invert it in its basin, without spilling a drop? The process is very easy, and is as follows.

Having filled the tube with water to the brim, press against the convex surface of water a glass plate, then, inverting the tube, plunge the plate-stopped end under the surface of water in the finger-glass; then remove the plate. Well, these manipulative details having been fully described, let us assume that three jars, or large tubes, be filled, one with aqueous solution of tincture of turmeric, another with aqueous solution of tincture of litmus, the third with aqueous solution of sulphate of indigo; let it be assumed that each tube, or jar, thus filled be inverted as described in finger-glasses, each holding a corresponding solution. We shall be now in a position to follow Professor Faraday in his demonstration.

"The gas developed by proceeding as we have described is yellowish, as you see; hence the term chlorine, from *chloros*, yellowish green, has been given to the gas. As, however, the peculiar color is not very perceptible by gas, let us get a few more palpable indications of the presence of chlorine."

"F," this purpose I pass a little up into a jar containing a mixture of tincture of turmeric and water, when you will observe the mixture becomes rapidly bleached. I now repeat the experiment with a mixture of sulphate of indigo and water, when, in like manner, bleaching takes place; and a similar result ensues when, instead of the two preceding, tincture of litmus

diffused through water is used; in short, chlorine is a very powerful bleaching agent, very few colors being able to resist its influence. Oxygen will not do this," remarked Professor Faraday, "as you observe (he tried the experiment). Hence, in addition to the peculiarity of color which chlorine possesses, there are at least two recognizable qualities by which it may be distinguished from oxygen; it has a very pungent odor, which oxygen has not, and it bleaches. Other distinctions between the two will be seen by and by. But all this description about chlorine is collateral. We were treating of oxygen, which I told you was a simple body, and for the purpose of illustrating what I meant by a compound body, I mentioned that chlorate of potash, out of which oxygen had been obtained, could also be made, by adequate treatment, to yield up chlorine; and even then a third body would remain, namely, the very inflammable metal, potassium. Having well fixed in your memory the fact that oxygen is a simple body, remember next that when obtained, free from combination, oxygen is a gas; and now I must tell you," remarked Mr. Faraday, "what a gas is: a gas, then, is nothing but a very attenuated vapor, which obstinately refuses to be condensed into the liquid form. Oxygen gas has never yet been condensed, although with chlorine we have been more fortunate, and one gas, at least, has been converted by chemical means into a solid. It was the tendency of all volatile fluids," remarked Mr. Faraday, "to form vapors, and to distribute them selves in this condition; and accordingly as the vapor thus generated happened to be more or less volatile, that is to say, more or less readily condensable, so it was denominated simply a vapor or a gas."

The tendency of volatile fluids thus to distribute themselves was illustrated by the lecturer very prettily, as follows: Having taken a wooden tray, about three inches deep and two feet square, Professor Faraday placed in its middle point a piece of sponge, dipped in ether, and from which a heavy, but invisible vapor, was continuously given off.

For the purpose of demonstrating this evolution, nothing more is requisite than to bring the flame of a taper successively to each of the corners of the tray, when the vapor will ignite with a flash, and gradually progressing towards the sponge, will set the latter on fire. Here the evolution and distribution of an acridiform substance is made evident. It so happens that the vapor of ether can be readily condensed, hence we simply term it a vapor; had it obstinately resisted condensation, it would have come under the denomination of a gas.

The gradual progression from a vapor, ordinarily so called, to a gas, is beautifully evidenced in the series of the three bodies, iodine, bromine and chlorine. Iodine is very much like black lead in appearance; bromine is a red looking fluid, and chlorine is, as we have seen, a gas. Yet the two former may be readily converted into the vaporous or gaseous state, proving their similarity in this respect with the latter.

Mr. Faraday illustrated the readiness with which iodine might be converted into a gaseous form by this very pretty experiment. Having suspended a bell-glass over the chimney (Fig. 17) of a little furnace, a portion of solid iodine was thrown upon the fire of the furnace, when being immediately vaporized, the vapor ascended into the bell-glass, where it might be recognized by its beautiful violet color.

This vapor of iodine requires artificial heat for its creation and maintenance; therefore, it soon condenses on the sides of the glass bell, and hence it is not, according to ordinary expression, a gas. We have described the exact experiment performed by the lecturer; and a very beautiful means of displaying the violet colored vapor of iodine to a class it is. Perhaps, however, mere chemical amateurs would experience some difficulty in making the necessary arrangements; therefore it may be well to mention, for their advantage, that the peculiar tint of iodine vapor may be exceedingly well displayed on the small scale, by putting a few fragments of crystallized iodine into a hot Florence flask.

The substance, bromine, which, in its general properties, very much resembles iodine and chlorine, naturally occurs as a liquid; thus approaching one step nearer than iodine to the condition of a gas. If a drop of it be put into a hot phial, the latter will at once become pervaded with a beautiful red vapor, the escape of which should be prevented by closing the phial with a cork. Indeed, when operating with chlorine, iodine, or bromine, the young chemist should take especial care not to allow any escape, inasmuch as all these substances, when breathed, are exceedingly irritating to the lungs.

But all this is a digression. Let us now forget that our theme at present is oxygen; chlorine, iodine, and bromine have come in collaterally, and have been treated of indirectly; let us now return to oxygen once more.

We have learned that it is in virtue of oxygen present that atmospheric air supports combustion; we have learned that oxygen is a simple body; and we have learned that chlorate of potash, from which oxygen can be extracted, is not a simple body, but is a compound of oxygen, chlorine, and potassium.

Let us now complete the strange power manifested by chemical force or chemical affinity. Oxygen, when separately procured, is always a gas; chlorine ordinarily a gas; yet in chlorate of potash the two are reduced to a solid condition. "No mechanical power known to us could have effected so great a compression—so great a change, as is here the result of chemical force. "I must tell you all what we mean by chemical force: I take a nail, it is evident that by driving I can force it into this piece of wood lying before me, and whether I use for the driving operation an iron hammer or a brick, or a mass of lead, or a wooden mallet, still the effect is one and the same; in either case the nail is driven into the wood. This gives you the idea of force—of mechanical force—the kind of force with which you are all familiar; but there are other forces besides this, the most extraordinary being chemical force. To illustrate the nature of which, let us appeal to the hammer (or iron), the lead, the brick, and the wooden mallet. Beginning with the latter, you all know what would happen if I were to put it into the fire; the mallet, like any other piece of wood similarly circumstanced, would burn; and this burning or combustion is the result and the evidence of a chemical force. We now begin to have some gleaming of the distinction between mechanical and chemical force: whether I use the iron hammer, the wooden mallet, the leaden mass or the brick, in every case succeeded in driving my nail, this result being due to the agency of mechanical force; but, as regards chemical force, we shall soon begin to see distinctions. Wood will burn when put into a fire. What will iron do? the iron hammer? It will not burn when thus circumstanced, some of you may think; else why do not iron pokers burn, iron tongs and shovels, or even iron grates? Form no hasty conclusions. I shall presently show you by proper contrivances, that iron is susceptible of burning even more brilliantly than wood, nay, even a lump of iron will burn in a coal fire, provided the heat applied be sufficient; and while on this point, let me advise you, the next time you are near a forge, to ask the blacksmith to let you see how well an iron bar can be made to burn at welding heat. When taken in this condition from the fire, it throws off brilliant sparks in every direction, the result of vivid combustion. There are of course besides this of accomplishing the combustion of iron, one of the most simple of which is as follows: I take a file, and holding a hammer over the flame of a spirit lamp, (the flame of a common candle would do,) I file off some particles and allow them to fall into the flame of a candle, or, still better, of a spirit lamp; see how well they burn. In like manner, if I take the sieve as fitted up for the lycoperdium experiment, and sift some iron or steel filings into the flame of a spirit lamp, how magnificent is the combustion which ensues."

It appears, then, that following the lecturer's demonstrations, we have clearly proved the fact that iron will burn if it be brought (under proper circumstances) in contact with a supporter of combustion—indeed, will burn even more brilliantly than wood, as our readers may easily try, by substituting saw-dust instead of iron filings. But what shall we say of lead? Will it burn? Aye, and violently too, as will presently be seen. Let not any chemical tyro think that lead is termed by chemists a combustible, by courtesy, so to speak; that it can be forced to burn after a fashion. On the contrary, give it but the conditions which please it, and lead becomes a ready, a powerful, a violent combustible. "And yet how little do we consider this; how little do we dream that the metal which we use so extensively for so many purposes, the metal with which we cover our houses, line our chests, sheath our floors, and apply to such a number of domestic ends, is endowed with a powerfully combustible force?" And thus it is. Wonderful are the powers with which all forms of matter are endowed; of these the common observer only sees a few. To the chemist is opened by his experiments a host of new qualities, bespeaking the power, the beneficence of the Deity. Happily, perhaps, these qualities are hidden from the non-instructed gaze. They would oppress with fear and trembling!

Professor Faraday, in order to illustrate the combustibility of lead under proper conditions, did as follows:—He showed to his audience a glass tube, which contained some lead in a very finely divided state—much finer than it could be made by rasping, or any mechanical means. He now broke off one end of the tube and poured its contents (that is to say, lead mixed with a little charcoal) on the table, when immediately the lead took fire, and set fire to the charcoal also.

Wood, iron, lead, are all endowed with the force or power of combustibility, as we have seen. One substance of one form yet remains to be examined, the brick. Now this, try it as we will, is totally incombustible.

The simple experiment of driving a nail into a piece of wood by means of a mallet, an iron hammer, a piece of lead, and a brick respectively, has been the means of showing how all these substances are endowed with one sort of mechanical force, although four variations of chemical force are recognized, one for each substance, as evidenced by the four different peculiarities of combustion. One point, and a very great point of difference between mechanical and chemical force is this: mechanical force depends on the mass or weight of the substance employed; chemical force, not on the mass or weight, but on a state of very fine division—on a state of little particles. Thus we should in an effort to drive a nail with a particle of iron-filing, although a mass of iron, such as a hammer, drives it easily. On the other hand, a mass of iron does not readily burn, although a particle of iron-filing burns with facility. Again, we have seen that lead, in order to burn, requires to be divided even more finely than any filing can accomplish. Thus we might go through the whole of chemistry, or rather go as far as our brief span of life permits, and prove that chemical force is not exerted between masses, but particles.

HOW TO GET FINELY DIVIDED LEAD INTO A GLASS TUBE CLOSED AT BOTH ENDS.—This seems no easy matter at first glance, but it becomes easy, just as all other things come easy, when we know the way.

Now we suppose most people know how an apple gets into an apple dumpling, although it is stated that this problem even has puzzled some. However, we will suppose our readers universally to be well aware that the apple got in when the dumpling crust was soft dough; which fact being known, they may easily comprehend how lead or anything else may be got into a crust of glass, provided only the glass can be reduced to a state of doughy consistence—a condition most easily effected by means of heat.

To proceed then with our experiment. Procure some goulard-extract, and throw into it some tartaric acid, dissolved in water, until nothing more falls down, or, to use a chemical term, until all is precipitated. That which falls is tartaric acid. Collect it on a filter of blotting-paper, and set it in a warm place to dry.

Whilst it is drying, proceed as follows: Procure a piece of English flint glass tube (which is the sort that most readily melts), somewhat of this diameter and thickness. A thicker piece, or a tube of larger bore, a beginner in chemistry could not manage to work. Let the piece be about eight inches long.

Next light the spirit-lamp, having trimmed the wick in such a manner as to yield a good flame. Hold the tube in the flame and near its point, somewhat about three inches from one end of the tube. Whilst the tube is thus exposed to the heat, never allow it to rest for an instant, but keep revolving it, pulling at the same time. Very soon the tube will assume this appearance, which, when observed, the two pieces of the tube (1) and (2) respectively being twisted in reverse directions, and a final pull being given, No. 2 will separate like this—

That is to say, closed at one end, the other. Allow it to cool, put in the lead (provided it be quite dry), and when in, carefully draw out the tube like Fig. 21, that is to say, permitting a very fine tube to remain at the point (a). Next apply the spirit-lamp flame to the tartaric acid as long as any smoke escapes, by which means the tartaric acid of lead is what chemists term decomposed, every portion of it except lead and charcoal resulting from the operation being evolved in the gaseous form.

When this point is arrived at (known by the cessation of smoke), re-melt the fine tube at (a) and separate the two pieces of tube with a twist. The lead in a very fine state of subdivision, and intimately mixed with charcoal, will be now what is called hermetically sealed into the glass tube, and may be caused to inflame at pleasure by breaking off one end of the closed tube, and shaking it into the air.

## THE FAMILY MEDICAL GUIDE.

## SCARLET FEVER, OR SCARLATINA.

WHEN the scarlet fever becomes epidemic among adults, children rarely fail of being attacked by it in great numbers, and very frequently sink under it. It is, indeed, rather a child's disease, and is very contagious amongst them; but is not often communicated from them to adults. This disease begins with the common symptoms of fever, often with languor and disposition to fainting, shivering, sickness, a quick pulse, and pain in the head; there is frequently, very early in the disorder, a stiffness in the muscles of the neck, which is soon followed by some difficulty in swallowing. This affection of the neck should be carefully inquired into, especially in young children; the soreness of the throat being sometimes not complained of in the most severe attacks of the disease, until but little hope remains of any mode of treatment being attended with success.

The fever generally increases in the evening, and is often accompanied with delirium; but some remission takes place towards morning, and perspirations come on. There is no complaint in which delirium is of so little consequence as in scarlatina; on the second or third day the efflorescence (or redness) appears on the skin, and generally first on the face, neck and breast. Up to this period, the disorder is sometimes supposed to be measles, as many of the preliminary (or previous) symptoms are similar; but scarlatina is readily distinguished by the absence of that hoarse cough, frequent sneezing, and watery discharges from the nose and eyes, which are the constant attendants on the early stages of measles: in this latter complaint also the skin is covered with a distinct eruption, raised above the skin, leaving it clear and well-defined between the marks; while in scarlatina the redness is on the skin, and its appearance seldom produces any remission of fever.

When the complaint is to terminate in health, the fiery redness abates gradually, and is succeeded by a brown color, when the skin becoming rough, peels off in small scales, and health is generally restored.

On the contrary, when it is to terminate fatally, the fever symptoms run very high from the first of its attack, the skin is intensely hot and dry, the pulse is very frequent but small, great thirst prevails, the redness appears on the second day or earlier, and about the third or fourth is often interspersed with large, livid spots, and the patient is cut off about the sixth or eighth day. Sometimes a severe purging comes on, which never fails to prove fatal. No complaint is more arbitrary in its attacks, and none on which, humanly speaking, you can reckon with so little certainty. Take, for instance, a family of six children, all previously healthy, all exposed to the same contagion, breathing the same atmosphere, and all alike subjected to the same mode of living as regards diet, clothing, &c. One or two of the six will be so slightly affected that scarcely any indisposition will be perceptible, and you would doubt of their having scarlatina at all, were it not for that little coffin you have just seen in an adjoining room, containing the body of the youngest and most cherished of the family, who a week before was in full health, and had died of scarlet fever after six days' illness.

As parents and nurses are naturally much alarmed at delirium, we will conclude our remarks on this disorder by assuring our readers there is no disease in which delirium is of so little consequence as in the one before us. In other fevers it seldom comes on until they have arrived at a dangerous height, but it sometimes accompanies scarlatina from the very first day, and many of the patients never fail to be delirious every night, though, excepting this, there shall be no other unfavorable symptom from the beginning, and during the illness.

## THE HOUSEWIFE'S FRIEND.

## CHOICE OF POULTRY.

IN choosing poultry, the age of the bird is the chief point to be attended to.

An old TURKEY has rough and reddish legs; a young one smooth and black. Fresh killed, the eyes are full and clear, and the feet moist. When it has been kept too long, the parts about the vent begin to wear a greenish discolored appearance.

COMMON DOMESTIC FOWLS, when young, have the legs and combs smooth; when old, they are rough, and on the breast long hairs are found instead of feathers. Fowls and chickens should be plump on the breast, fat on the back, and white-legged.

GESE.—The bills and feet are red when old, yellow when young. Fresh killed, the feet are pliable, stiff when too long kept. Geese are called green while they are only two or three months' old.

DUCKS.—Choose them with supple feet and hard plump breasts. Tame ducks have yellow feet, wild ones red.

PIGEONS are very indifferent food when they are too long kept. Suppleness of the feet show them to be young; the state of the flesh is flaccid when they are getting bad from keeping. Tame pigeons are larger than the wild.

HARES AND RABBITS, when old, have the haunches thick, the ears dry and tough, and the claws blunt and ragged. A young hare has claws smooth and sharp, ears that easily tear, and a narrow cleft in the lip. A leveret is distinguished from a hare by a knob or small bone near the foot.

PARTRIDGES, when young, have yellow legs and dark colored bills. Old partridges are very indifferent eating.

WOODCOCKS AND SNIPES, when old, have the feet thick and hard when these are soft and tender, they are both young and fresh killed. When their bills become moist, and their throats muddy, they have been too long killed.

## FAMILY PASTIME.

## ENIGMAS.

The mother of evil, the parent of good,  
I never could eat, yet make all things my food.  
I am grave, I am gay, I am foolish and wise,  
Some men I degrade, while I make others rise;  
I cause pleasure and pain, sweet concord and strife;  
All things I create, and destroy all, O'en life!  
I ne'er shall relinquish my station on earth,  
While on it are found wisdom, folly, or worth.  
One hint further I'll give, then bid you adieu,  
At this time I am happy in dwelling with you.

## ANSWERS TO FAMILY PASTIME, PAGE 142.

ENIGMA.—1. Level. 2. XIII. VIII. 3. Care-s (Careses).  
QUERY.—A-musing. B-coming. D-lighting. N-chanting.  
CHARADES.—1. Wardrobe. 2. Footstool. Welcome. Misfortune.  
TRANSPORITION.—1. Glass. 2. Lass. 3. Ass.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by  
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## "HUNTINGTON;"

OR,  
Modern Insanity!

### A TALE OF FORGERY & FASHION,

FOUNDED ON FACT, AND ILLUSTRATIVE OF  
RECENT EVENTS, WHICH HAVE DEVELOPED

A NEW CURRENT IN THE OCEAN  
OF NEW YORK LIFE.

BY THADDEUS W. MEIGHAN.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### CLOUD AND SUNSHINE.

"One looked like Juno,  
The other, dove-eyed, fragile and retiring,  
Appear'd the type of modesty."—*Scrap Book.*

"I TELL YOU," said the queenly Julia Bowen, casting aside her bonnet with an air of recklessness, mixed with determination, and throwing her heavy velvet cloak upon an ottoman, in one corner of a splendid apartment in a mansion on Twenty-third street, "I tell you he must be won—won at any sacrifice!"

The girl addressed was undoing her street toilet with perfect coolness and deliberation. She was the reverse of the other in appearance. Julia Bowen was a voluptuous, dark and imposing beauty, fully developed, and looked as if she was born to command either man or woman. Mary Schuyler was petite, girlish and fair-skinned, and seemed modelled for dependence and obedience. Her mild blue eye, veiled by the deep fringe of the drooping lids, contrasted most strikingly with the imperious, glittering black eye of her companion. The latter expressed self-reliance and daring, the former diffidence and meekness.

"Must be won," said Mary, in a low soft tone. "Must be a formidable word, Julia."

"For you, perhaps; for me it has no terrors. I repeat—he must be won."

"Do you love him, really? I begin to fear you do."

Mary, as she uttered these words, modestly took a seat beside Julia.

"Love him?"

The imperious beauty started to her feet, as she scornfully gave vent to this exclamation, and then paced the floor with a hurried and uneven gait, baring her broad forehead with her nervous hands, and breathing like a high-mettled racer about to contend with a spirited adversary.

"What else but love could move you so deeply?" quietly asked Mary. She betrayed no emotion, yet a close, a very close observer would have seen that although her eyelids drooped, a glance of deep and earnest inquiry was shot from beneath them.

"Would you know?" asked Julia, suddenly curbing her vehemence, and resuming her seat; "listen—there is but one other passion that can move us as deeply as Love, and that is HATE!"

"Why should you hate him? He has never done you an injury."

"He has! He has dared to pretend affection for me and then treat me with indifference!"

"Which," remarked Mary, with a demure smile, "should be met with indifference."

"I have tried that plan," said Julia, quickly, "but it has proven ineffectual."

"Let him go. There are others that do love you. Encourage them."

"Never! That man shall not live who can say that Julia Bowen was rejected by him. If I do not bring him to my feet he will have the power to say so, for I have manifested a preference in his favor so publicly that it has been the theme of gossip everywhere."

"But you say you did not feel that preference."

"The world thinks I did."

"Who cares for the world?" exclaimed Mary, with an oily sigh.

"I do!—you do; yes, calmly as glides the current of your life, you care for the world and its opinions. I—impulsive, ambitious, aye, vain! I care for nothing else. This man—this Charles Hunter—is necessary to my happiness. I love his wealth."

"Young Lester is devoted to you, and he is worth \$100,000."

"The principal of which he never touches," said Julia, with scorn.

"Yet, he lives like a gentleman."

"Like an elaborated machine kept in excellent order, rather," continued the proud beauty.

"I'm sure you would have all the elegant necessities of life, as his wife," urged the modest Mary.

"Necessaries!" cried Julia. "I have those now. I want more. I want gold enough to be profuse in my expenditures. I would have an abundance beyond the standard of mere necessity. Hunter is not only immensely rich, but he cares nothing for money. He gains it with the utmost ease, and he values it so little that the squandering of thousands would produce no impression on him. I would strive, Mary, above all my associates, over whose shillings it would be ecstasy for me to show dollars."

"As Mrs. Hunter, I readily admit you could do all this. Hunter is worth half a million, so men say."

"Ay! and at the rate he is amassing funds, will soon be a millionaire. 'Oh!' exclaimed the Juno-like Julia, as her face glowed with eager desire, "what could I not do with a million from which to replenish my exchequer!"

Mary stole another glance of fire without being perceived at her companion, and then said:

"I perfectly comprehend, now, that you must win him, as you said, at any sacrifice."

"And you shall aid me."

"Of what possible use can I be in such an affair?" interrogated Mary, with an innocent air.

"You can be of great use to me in it," answered Julia with a majestic nod, expressive of condescension.

"I would rather not be connected with it in any way whatever," said Mary with timidity.

"Not for my sake! He regards you as a child, and treats you with the utmost confidence because he thinks you are simple and unsuspicious. It shall be your task to worm his secrets from him—to catch the tone and tenor of his thoughts—to weigh his motives, estimate his tastes, lay bare, for my benefit, his desires, aspirations, and innermost sentiments. With this material, I think my skill will enable me to fashion a triumph."

"One would imagine, to hear you talk, that I was a Richelieu, instead of an unsophisticated, unambitious girl, whom nobody torments with flattery, or persecutes with attentions," remarked Mary, after reflecting an instant upon the above address.

The above is all of this beautiful and highly interesting story that will be published in our columns. We give this as a sample. The continuation of it can be found only in the "Lester of Romance," the great family weekly paper, for which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and which can be found at all the stores throughout the city and country where papers are sold. Remember to ask for the "Lester of Romance" of Jan 17, and in it you will get the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here. If you can not get a copy at any news office, the publisher of the Lester will mail you a copy on the receipt of five cents. It is mailed to subscribers at \$2 00 a year, or two copies for \$3 00. It is the handsomest and best family paper in the country, and is characterized by a high moral tone.

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The Prize Numbers will be 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90 and 100 in each Hundred. Persons obtaining any of these Numbers will have their Money returned and the Paper sent free as above.

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to the Universal Exhibition of 1866. By the author of "Doctor Antonio" and "Lorenzo Bononi." With illustrations by John Leech. 15mo. Cloth. Price 75 cents.

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From the London Athenaeum.  
This is a clever trifle, and the illustrations admirable. It is full of fun and humor, though there is a dash of causticity that might have been spared. The characters are all unmistakably English, and painted as they would look to Parisian eyes. English self-love may be slightly ruffled; but the author is an extremely well-bred man, and does not go too far, and he offers such constant compensation in the shape of redeeming traits, that even the Paragrens themselves must forgive him. The style is crisp and sparkling, and there is an air of refinement and good taste pervading the whole book, and giving it a crowning grace.

From the London Examiner.  
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From the N. Athlon.  
Curious in one respect is a post-dumdeum from a London copy, republished by Dix, Edwards & Co. It is THE PARAGRENS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION, a jocular narrative of the experiences of a cockney family, during a visit to Paris in the autumn of 1865. John Leech has supplied some wood-cuts of the Pater Familias style, such as one meets in Punch. The peculiarity lies in the authorship. You would never guess who wrote it—nor need you. It is announced on the title-page that the accomplished author of "Lorenzo Bononi" is the man! The mastery of the Italian over our difficult English language is little short of marvellous. We observe but one single expression in the volume that is not true to our vernacular idiom.

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## SLEIGH-RIDING IN NEW ENGLAND.

We believe that a sleigh-ride is only properly understood and enjoyed in the Yankee States. We do, in such things, tolerably well in New York, or Pennsylvania, and there are some dashes of real rollicking fun in New Jersey; but in the "land of steady habits" (?) the winter is the carnival season of the year, and the grave and sober puritanical habit, by some incomprehensible law, melts under the freezing influence of "thirty degrees below zero" and comes out genial and glorious. We have met with many children of sunny climes who, in their youthful days, called Yale or Harvard their Alma Mater, who had forgotten all their Latin and Greek, and even their college jokes, save and except the incidents of those "enchanted and never-to-be-forgotten sleigh-rides," when, hidden away under innumerable fur robes and in close proximity to a pretty girl, they had dashed over the ice-glazed road, as if on the wings of the wind, all the while with hearts and soul dancing merrily to the music of the bells, and made still more happy by the soft breathings of delight that came forth from ruddy, sweet lips, or excited by glances of pleasure shooting from pleasure-inspired blue eyes. The fire of the generation that is on the shady side of life has descended intact to younger America, and now that Jack Frost is in the ascendancy the girls and the boys are on the whirl. Even the charms of the dance and the witchery of music are, for the time, forgotten; everything yields to the fast horse and the fancy cutter. We wish we were much more of a philosopher in the secret movings of Cupid than we profess to be, that we might analyze the whole philosophy of these sleigh-rides upon the mental organization of its victims. We have known very staid, sober ladies, who were constitutionally timid and chronically predisposed to be cold and distant to the "opposite sex," who would thaw out marvelously if once brought in contact with

buffalo robes and a rapid dash down the road. We suppose that the cold suggests cozy contact; that once indulged in, the influences are found, after all, very agreeable—very. If any of our bachelor friends, having been hanging "by the eyelids" for "several weeks," waiting for an opportunity to pop the question when their fair one was in the right humor and the opportunity propitious, and none of those contingences have occurred, stop sighing and delay, get a fine turn-out, with a high horse, silver tinklers, abundance of furs, a deaf driver, and take the lady on a sleigh-ride. She will be timid at first and sit beside you as starched as Lucretia Mott at a strong-minded meeting; presently, however, the cold wind will come in rude contact with her person and she will "move up," take a tuck in the bear skin, and declare that "that is more comfortable;" presently, a shiver will come over her pretty frame, and then you must commence tucking in the comforters yourself, and, if you have any genius for getting things exactly to suit you, there will be a couple as comfortably packed away as two pigeons in a Christmas pie. Now is your time, talk love straight out, the field is your own, the sleigh-ride has done the business and made you the happiest of men for all time to come. Of all pleasures, supposing we were young again, commend us to a sleigh-ride, accompanied by a young lady with ringlets, who, having by nature a good constitution, can enjoy a great deal of happiness. Under such circumstances, like the deacon overcome with cider brandy, we have felt as if we were sitting astride the roof of a meeting-house, every shingle of which was a Jew's harp playing upon a thousand strings.

IS VIRTUE HEREDITARY? —Is a love of truth, justice and goodness transmitted from parents to children? Facts appear to answer these questions in the affirmative. In England, it has been ascertained that out of one hundred criminal children, sixty were born of dishonest parents; thirty of parents who were profligate, but not criminal; and only ten of parents who were honest and industrious. The rule is virtuous parents raise virtuous children. No more than one

out of every ten criminals has been born of honest, religious parents, and children are nearly as much alike as their features. The House of Representatives has passed the bill regulating the coinage. It gives to the foreign silver small coins a reduced value, passing the Spanish shillings and sixpences for only ten and five cents. Of course, there will be some loss to all those who have this coin on hand, and it would be advisable for the public to begin to receive this foreign coin at its deteriorated value.



DR. FRANKLIN TUTHILL, M.D., CITY EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK DAILY TIMES. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY. SEE PAGE 161.



DESTRUCTION OF THE DUTCH CHURCH, POUGHKEEPSIE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FILKINS. SEE PAGE 161.